

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XIII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1884.

No. 1.

JOHN MCKINNON,
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
Lexington, Mass.

op near Whitcher's grain mill.
Estimates on Contract Work.
Carpenter work of all kinds.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

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BLACKSMITH.
HORSESHOEING
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Carriage Manufacturing,
Light and Heavy Express, Market
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made to order, in a superior manner.

SLEIGHS, PUNGS, ETC.
Carriage painting in all its
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SHOP OPPOSITE CENTRE STATION, LEXINGTON, MASS.
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Smith
& CO.'S
Lexington and Boston Express.
BOSTON OFFICE, 23 Court Square. Order
box at H. Locke's, 49 Faneuil Hall Market. Of-
fice at Lexington, Lexington-Cash Store. Office
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ASA COTTRELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Master in Chancery & Notary Public.
Takes acknowledgment of Deeds and affidavits
to be used in other States, and admits to bail in
civil and criminal cases.
37 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.
Next door to Boston City Hall.

THE YANKEE BLADE.
44TH YEAR.
Marvellous Success under New Regime.
Subscribers increased more than five hundred
per cent. in the past year.

Great Attractions for 1884.
12 elegant Serials, 300 short stories, Cream of
Current Wit, great variety, no trash, every word
pure.
Among the serials now in preparation are the
following:
A story of the great Telegraphic Strike. By
Helen M. Winslow, author of "Shawsheen Mills"
and other popular writings.
A story of Border Ruffianism and the John
Brown days in Kansas. By Rev. Epriam Nute,
who lived there then and has since furnished
"Victor Hugo" material for one of his great tales.
A story of English social life. By Bertha M.
Day, a brilliant and prolific writer, begun in the
number for November 24th, and furnished com-
plete to all subscribers for '84 who order before
Jan. 1st, and
A story of Blockade Running and Marine War.
By an officer of the United States Navy,
whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be giv-
n.
A Distinguishing feature of the Blade is Stories of
Real Life, and written, so far as possible, by
actual participants. Another characteristic is to
exclusively exclude everything demoralizing to the
young. This makes it a favorite family paper.
TERMS.—\$2 a year, which is less than one
cent for each hour's entertaining reading. Lib-
eral commissions to live agents.
THE BLADE and the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE
will be furnished for \$3.00.
Order at once through this office, so as to get
the best local paper and the best literary paper
and begin with the new year.

D. G. CURRIER,
Watchmaker and Optician,
—and dealer in—
WATCHES, CLOCKS, and OPTICAL GOODS,
of every description.
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For Sale,
Neat and convenient COTTAGE HOUSE,
with all modern conveniences, situated on Lewis
avenue, within a few minutes' walk of Centre
station in Arlington, and in an excellent neigh-
borhood. Will be sold at a bargain.
Apply at this office.
C. S. PARKER, Real Estate Agent.
No. 2 Swan's Block, Arlington. 50apr

Frederick Lemme,
FLORIST.
ICE GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS,
Anchors, Crowns and Crosses
LOCAL DECORATIONS.
Of every description.
LANTS RE-POTTED WITH PREPARED
SOIL.
PULFANT ST., ARLINGTON MASS.

NO CURE! NO PAY!

Dr. Lawrence's Cough Balsam
Is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds,
Hoarseness, Sore Throat and
all Diseases of the Throat
and Lungs.

We do not claim to cure consumption when
thoroughly seated, but we do claim that thou-
sands of lives may be saved every year by the
timely use of Dr. Lawrence's Cough Balsam.
Many people imagine they have consumption,
when in reality they only have a bad cold, which
can be easily cured by proper care and the right
kind of medicine. We could fill columns with
testimonials, but do not believe in that way of
advertising, our idea is to let everybody that
is afflicted with a cough try for themselves, and
if not perfectly satisfied, return the bottle to the
dealer of whom it was bought and receive their
money back.

Price for trial sizes, 25 cents.
Family sizes, \$1 per bottle.
Remember, No Cure, No Pay!
16novly

HOLIDAY GOODS

a fine assortment of
ART GOODS,
comprising

Bronzes, Placques and Choice
Articles in Upholstery Goods
may be found at

Thomas Strahan's,
378 Washington St.,
Corner FRANKLIN, BOSTON.
Special attention is called to Metalized Heads of
PALLAS and MINERVA.
14dec-3w

STEVENS & MANCHESTER.
STATIONERS.
DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING A SPECIALTY.
37 West Street, Boston.
(formerly J. W. Moody's.)

New Store.—We have opened at our new
store, which has been especially fitted up for our
convenience, a new and large assortment of sta-
tionery Goods.

Fine Stationery.—We cordially invite your
inspection of our Fine Imported and Domestic
Stationery, Papeteries, Wedding Invitations, Vis-
iting, Reception and Correspondence Cards.

Engraving.—An examination of our sample
books of designs will reveal the fact that we have
a special corps of skilled artists for the produc-
tion, in either copper or steel, of the most elegant
Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, and Artistic
Illumination ever yet shown in the city of Bos-
ton.

Fine Papers, &c.—The latest styles in tint,
shape, and print, will be kept constantly on
hand, as well as a complete assortment of Sta-
tionery especially adapted for school children.

Wedding Invitations, &c.—Orders for
wedding Goods, College Invitations, or Society
Monograms executed at short notice and in the
most artistic manner from original designs, or
from samples furnished.

Artists' Materials.—A full line of Artists'
Materials, Windsor and Newton Paints always
kept in stock.

We respectfully invite your patronage, and a
critical examination of our facilities to serve
you. 7dec-4w

STOVES,
RANGES,

FURNACES,

Also a full and well selected assortment of

KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS
AND
HARDWARE

Which are offered at prices that defy competition.

Plumbing, Gas Fitting,
and Water Piping
executed in all its branches by experienced
workmen.

Arlington Ave.,
Arlington, Mass.

C. H. DRUMMOND
NEWSDEALER.

BOOKS, PERIODICALS and STATIONERY,
FRUIT.

CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS and TOBACCO.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF EVERY
VARIETY OF

CHRISTMAS CARDS
A Specialty.

(Correspondence.)

At the Heights.

Union Hall at Arlington Heights was
entirely filled last Sabbath evening by
the children and their parents and
friends to witness a very beautiful ex-
hibition of views illustrating Bible
lands and scenes, by means of a stere-
opticon. Mr. John K. Simpson, whose
right and left hand are often charged
to keep the secret, each of what the
other has done for the children and
young people, presented the views and
gave a brief account of each.

The pastor, Rev. W. H. Daniels, who
has visited the Holy Land, added much
to the pleasure and profit of the even-
ing by a graphic description of the
places he had visited in Egypt and Pal-
estine, as they were thrown upon the
screen.

The presentation of the views was
preceded by a half hour of sacred song.
The Misses Peakins, who have kindly
assisted on other occasions, sang a duet,
Willie, Hattie, Maggie, and Bessie
Young gave a quartette, and two
pieces were very pleasantly rendered
by a male quartette consisting of
Messrs. Mann, Turner, Charles C.
and Walter D. Hutchings. The accom-
panists were Misses Eva Sylvester and
Martha Weeks.

Those who have interested them-
selves in the religious welfare of the
part of the town are doing a good
work, and are encouraged to hold on
and go forward. Let all who can give
them a helping hand.

SNOW MEN.—We do not mean
made of snow, but the men who
ubiquitous so far as Arlington
and paths are concerned, just as
storm. Whether they know it or
the Superintendent of streets and
men have frequent thanks from
dwellers at the outskirts of the
and those at the centre, for their
and constant attention to the
streets. New comers and strangers in
town remark upon the good condition
of our walks after snow storms. It is
a good thing for a town to have a good
name in such matters, and it does those
in charge no harm to know that faith-
ful service is noticed and appreciated.

The annual New Year's Supper

MISS E. & M. A. BALL,
DRESS-MAKERS,
Mystic Street, opp. Summer,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

The latest styles and patterns always on hand to
show customers. Personal attention to all
orders, and satisfaction guaranteed. Special at-
tention to cutting and fitting stylish garments.
30mar6m

The Lexington Minute-man
FOR SALE BY
G. H. DRUMMOND,
L. G. BABCOCK,
AUG. CHILDS.

GUSTAVE BERGER,
Upholsterer and Decorator,
Parker Street, corner Forest, Lexington, Mass.
PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.
Upholstering, Decorating, Mattresses Made
Over, and everything in the Upholstering Line
Promptly Attended to in a Workmanlike Man-
ner. Cheap for Cash. 23mar3m

Bottom Dollar Prices
—OF—
GRANT & COBB'S
Dry and Fancy Goods Store.

Black Cashmere, 50, 60, 75, 1.00.
Alpaca, 35, 40, 50, 75.
Black Silks, 1.35, 2.00, 3.00.
Wool Blankets, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00.
Comforters, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.25.
Brown Cottons, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 1-2, 16, 28.
Handkerchiefs, 5, 10, 12 1-2, 15, 25, 37, 50, 62, 75,
1.00, 1.25.
Corsets 50, 75, 1.00.
Ribbons, 3 cents to 50.
English Crotonnes, 35.
American Crotonnes, 10.
Linen Towels, 10, 20, 25, 37, 50.
Red, White, Blue and Gray Flannel, 20 to 75.
Pocket Books, 5 cents to 5 dollars.
Jewelry, all kinds of quality and price.
Buttons, 5 cents a gross to 50 cents a dozen.
Best Thread, 5 cents a spool, 15 a dozen.
Best Silk, 10 cents a spool, 1.00 a dozen.
Common Tidy Cotton, 5 cents a ball.
Cologne, 5, 15, 25, 50, 75, 1.00 per bottle.
Ladies' Underwear, 25, 37, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.25, 1.75.
Gents' Underwear, 25, 37, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.25, 2.00.
57, 75, 95, 50 cent Box Paper for 35 cents each.
Also, Collars, Cuffs, Neck-ties, Toys, Hoop-
skirts, Combs, Brushes, Pins, Needles,
Aprons, Wrappers, Ties, Gloves,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Grant & Cobb,
Bank Building, Arlington.

Agents for the celebrated National Laundry,
Butcher's Patterns, and
Gleason Dye House.

for the children of the Heights, under
the auspices of the Sunday school, was
given on Thursday evening last. The
simple announcement of the supper
brought in over-flowing supplies of
good things, which might be said to
have come of themselves, for there was
very little personal solicitation. About
175 persons, young and old, were pres-
ent, 157 of whom sat down at the tables.
After supper there was a brief enter-
tainment, comprising songs by two Ar-
lington young ladies, Miss Carrie Hig-
gins and Miss Lena Wood; a recitation
by Mrs. J. Baird, brief remarks by pas-
tor Daniels, and songs by Mrs. Baird
and Mr. G. W. Austin, the latter gen-
tleman acting as master of ceremonies.
"The compliments of the season"
were distributed in elegant embossed
boxes provided by Mr. Baird, contain-
ing goodies for such as had a sweet
tooth, provided by Mr. Swadkins, and
the bon-bons presented by Mr. Simpson
the Asst. Superintendent of the Sun-
day school, showed how well that gen-
tleman understands how to put the
finishing touch to an entertainment for
young people.

The Sunday school at the Heights,
though under the general direction of
the Methodists, is, in the best sense a
union school. There are the same
scholars as aforesaid, besides a large
addition of new ones, and officers and
teachers who are members of various
Christian Communions carry on the
good work. H.

OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS
IN ARLINGTON.

—Mr. Hartwell has made no report to
the Selectmen, or placed any on file with
the Town Clerk.

—Dea. and Mrs. Warren Frost will
leave next week for a visit to the orange
groves of Florida.

—Mr. John H. Hartwell is now busy
gathering up the record of the year in
the matter of births.

—Mrs. Allen closes her dancing school
at the Heights with an assembly in Union
Hall Wednesday evening next.

—Mr. Eugene Meade put in an ap-
pearance on New Year's day and was
sworn in as chief of police by the Town
Clerk.

—The skating on Spy Pond was quite
good, part of the time the past week, and
was enjoyed by crowds on Saturday and
Monday.

—The new department opened this
week, relating to our Public Library, will
be found useful by all patrons of that
valuable institution.

—Mr. W. E. Richardson is re-elected
superintendent of the Baptist Sunday
school. The remaining officers will be
elected on Sunday.

—The Cotting High School Library has
been arranged and catalogued and this is
in the hands of the printer. It will be
ready for distribution next week.

—The public schools were ordered to
resume sessions on Wednesday, but a
more thorough one-session day is rarely
seen, and the "opening" did not amount
to much.

—A surprise party at the residence of
Mr. B. Frank Durgin was one of the
events of the past week. Mr. David
Clark's barge was run in connection with
the party.

—We understand that the Addison Gage
Ice Co. will not attempt to cut ice on Spy
Pond this winter. The thick coating of
snow ice would render the crop almost
worthless for purposes of shipment.

—The new list of officers of Bethel
Lodge, as published last week, was in-
stalled Wednesday evening, after which
the company enjoyed the customary col-
lation. The names of the officers appear
in our miniature directory.

—There was a joint meeting of the
Reading Room committee with Selectmen
and Library Trustees, Thursday evening.
All were made aware of the need of
a public reading room in Arlington. Its
accomplishment must be the town's next
forward move.

—The new officers of Francis Gould
Post 30, G. A. R., will be installed next
Thursday evening, at their regular meet-
ing in Bethel Lodge room. As a colla-
tion or supper is to be served in con-
nection with it, we expect every member
will be present.

—At a meeting of the Selectmen, Mon-
day evening, Mr. Eugene Meade was ap-
pointed chief of police and janitor of
Town Hall, vice John H. Hartwell re-
moved. The usual monthly pay rolls
were approved and some other items of
routine business connected with the close
of the year transacted.

—In answer to our enquiries as to the
new chief of police, a member of the
Board of Selectmen favored us with the
following:—His name is Eugene Meade,
and we like his appearance and the en-
dorsement he receives from those who
have long known him. We think he is
in every way qualified for the position.
Certainly he is physically able, and so
far as technicalities are concerned we
have no question that Judge Carter, who
has drawn almost every paper Mr. Hart-
well has served, will extend to the new
man the same degree of help. Coming
here and taking an oath to faithfully
perform the duties of office, he is en-
titled to a fair degree of consideration at
the hands of citizens; certainly to be re-
ceived without prejudice. We have
agreed with him for \$700.00 per year as
chief of police, and his pay as janitor of
Town Hall, ringing bell, etc., will be
\$400, a trifle more than formerly paid,
but this secures to the town his whole
time, while Mr. Hartwell gave the town
what he had to spare after attending to
any calls as undertaker.

—There was a jolly party at the Unitar-
ian church vestry, Tuesday evening, the
occasion being the annual Sunday school
party. About one hundred children
gathered in the afternoon and romped
and played in the vestry to their heart's
content. Soon after six o'clock, to the
music of a march played by Prof. Pren-
tiss, the company marched into the par-
lor where supper was spread, and after a
blessing by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Forbes,
the children were served with the solids
and dainties provided. The older peo-
ple present had supper when the chil-
dren had all been served, and at a later
stage all were gathered in front of the
platform to listen to an address from the
pastor and receive the rewards for good
conduct and attendance through the year.
Then the sociability was resumed, many
remaining until nearly ten o'clock. The
following is the list of persons entitled
to and receiving rewards:—

For being present every Sunday during
the year 1883:—Ester Bailey, Helen
Hopkins, Agnes Damon, Ethel Homer,
J. Winnie Bailey, Fred. Wyman, Isabelle
Russell, Edith Whittemore, Fred. Damon,
Geo. Winn, Edw. Schwamb, Geo. Clark,
Edie Bailey, Lottie Carter, Florence
Osborn, A. Josie Russell, Louisa Russell,
Clarence Robbins, Louis Clark, Geo.
Shirley, James Bailey, Geo. Hewes, Geo.
Leaves, Alice Homer, Harry Rice,
Mary Ellen Needham, Edwin Needham,
Roland Hopkins, Fred Bitzer. Absent
but once during the year:—Gray Homer,
Helen Damon, Josie Reynolds, Carrie
Reynolds, George O. Russell, Fannie
Shirley, Mary Klingler.

—On the evening of new year's day Mr.
Arthur H. Richardson, eldest son of Capt.
George E. Richardson, was united in wed-
lock with Miss Cora, daughter of David
P. Green, Esq., at the handsome resi-
dence of the bride's father, on Pleasant
street. Relatives from long distances
were present, an older sister of the bride
coming from St. Louis, and the party
was a happy one, including friends of
both bride and groom. The ceremony
was performed at six o'clock, Rev. C. H.
Spaulding officiating. The bride was
beautifully dressed, and the presents were
numerous and rich, as might be expected
from the social position of the contract-
ing parties. The couple will enjoy a trip
to Washington. Arlington loses this
couple, as it has many others, through lack
of suitable tenements. We look hope-
fully for the coming of Arlington's real
estate boom.

—Our churches have all fared alike in
respect to the weather on the evenings
for socables. Perhaps last Wednesday
was worse than its predecessors, but in
spite of all a large company gathered in
the parlors of Pleasant Street Congrega-
tional church to enjoy the programme
presented by the young people of the
church and society. Supper was served
at seven o'clock and more than a hun-
dred sat down to the nicely set and at-
tractively covered table. Nice crockery and
silver table-ware set off the viands to
good advantage. After supper there
were readings by Mr. E. O. Grover and
piano solos by Rev. Dr. Mason, both gen-
tlemen being enthusiastically encored,
and the balance of the evening was spent
socially.

—Rev. Dr. Dorchester has changed the
lecture he is to give before the Arlington
Heights Lecture Course, next Thursday
evening, and will substitute "The World
Better; not Worse," and in illustration of
his subject will use some specially pre-
pared diagrams. The lecture vindicates
the world's progress towards a better
state of affairs in every department of
moral and physical life by an array of
facts, the result of long study, that prove
his position beyond question. This elo-
quent pulpit orator, with such a subject,
should draw a crowded audience to Un-
ion Hall, next Thursday evening.

—Monday evening a fire was discovered
in the building leased by Wm. Mills &

Co., corner Williams court and Washing-
ton street, in Boston, and the upper por-
tion was badly damaged by fire and wa-
ter. Mr. Edwin Mills, residing on Court
street, is the junior member of the firm
leasing the building. We are glad to
know that the fire will cause no interrup-
tion to their plumbing business. The
firm makes a specialty of sanitary plumb-
ing, and are owners of or agents for the
most approved systems. The office con-
tinues in the old place.

—Mr. John Roden, who has charge
of the street lamps, has many peculiar
experiences and witnesses some odd
sights on his nightly rounds. One night
last week he found two men asleep in the
snow on Lake Street. Procuring a pung
he hauled them into it and conveyed
them to a place where they were cared
for. His action doubtless saved their
lives, as the night was bitter cold.

—The friends and relatives of Mr. Na-
than Nourse, Jr., "stormed his fort,"
last Wednesday evening, it being the fifti-
fifth anniversary of his birthday. Mr.
Nourse, like an old and tried soldier, stood
bravely at his post and received his
friends with his usual calmness and cor-
diality. The evening was pleasantly
passed in social intercourse and games,
and in discussing an excellent supper
prepared by the hostess (a very estimable
lady) and her friends.

—The Ladies' Sewing Circle connected
with Pleasant Street Congregational
church, held its annual meeting Wed-
nesday afternoon. The officers for the
ensuing year are, President, Mrs. J. B.
Mason; V. Pres., Mrs. W. S. Frost; Sec.,
Mrs. A. W. Trow; Treas., Mrs. J. B.
Russell; Directors, Mrs. Marden, Mrs.
Wiggin, Mrs. Nickerson, Mrs. Gates, Mrs.
Crosby, Mrs. Cutter. The total receipts
of the year were \$2,082.49 and the ex-
penditures \$2,070.94, the principal pur-
chases being carpets and upholstery for the
church, furniture for their really fine
some parlor, and the crockery and table
ware used at socables.

—The annual meeting of the Samaritan
Society was held in the Universalist
church vestry on Thursday. The follow-
ing are the officers for the ensuing year:
—President, Mrs. James Crocker; Vice
Pres., Mrs. Hawkins; Sec., Miss Nellie
Swan; Treas., Mrs. Wm. N. Winn. The
annual fair will be held about the mid-
dle of this month.

—On new year's eve there was a plea-
sant family party at the most elegant resi-
dence on Arlington Av., details of which
appear in their appropriate place among
the marriages. The bride was attired in
a handsome brown silk and velvet coat-
ume and it is needless to say looked
charmingly. The happy couple com-
mence housekeeping in Somerville.

—The settees in the lecture room at
Pleasant Street Congregational church
are to be replaced with cane-seated,
black walnut chairs, with rubber tips to
the legs to prevent noise in moving. The
primary department of the Sunday school
has enjoyed the luxury of little chairs
(three sizes being used) since it occupied
its room in the remodeled church. It
would seem that now this church is sup-
plied with every convenience.

—The "Coming Woman" was the title
of a play brought out at the Unitarian
church vestry, Thursday evening, the
characters being sustained by Misses Eva
and Marion Fessenden, Nellie Bucknam
and Nellie Hodgdon, Messrs. H. F. Buck-
nam and John Gray. We have not space
to speak of the performance as it de-
serves. A piano solo by Miss Adele
Proctor preceded the play.

—At the Unity Club, last Friday even-
ing, the life and writing of Charles Dick-
ens were considered, Mr. James A. Bal-
ley, Jr., presenting an exceedingly inter-
esting paper on the world-renowned au-
thor. Specimens from his writings were
afterwards given by Miss Newton and
Mr. Bailey.

—One of Lexington's most notable so-
cial events is the annual New Year's party
of Rev. E. G. Porter to the members
of his church and society—Hancock
church. Not enjoying the home life
which is the lot of most pastors who have
helpmeets to share their burdens and
cares, he annually pays, in one full in-
stalment, the debt he owes for courtesies
extended through the year, by a pastor's
party which embraces the entire circle of
his church, from youngest to oldest, and
often extends its geniality beyond that
circle to friends in Lexington and adjoin-
ing town. The party of 1884 was held in
Town Hall, Tuesday evening. The chil-
dren assembled at four o'clock, as is the
usual custom, and enjoyed a merry time
in their own way, till supper was an-
nounced at five o'clock. They marched
to their places in couples, and filled to
overflowing the table arranged down the
length of the hall.

WINTER ON EARTH, BUT JUNE IN THE SKY.

Slow through the light and silent air,
Up climbs the smoke on its spiral stair—
The visible flight of some mortal's prayer:
The trees are in bloom with the flowers of frost.

But never a feathery leaf is lost:
The spring, descending, is caught and bound
Ere its silver feet can touch the ground.
So still is the air that lies, this morn,
Over the snow-cold fields forlorn,
'Tis as though Italy's heaven smiled
In the face of some bleak Norwegian wild.

And the heart in me sings—I know not why—
This winter on earth, but June in the sky!

June in the sky? Ah, now I can see
The souls of roses about to be,
In gardens of heaven beckoning me
Roses red-lipped, and roses pale,
Fanned by the tremulous ether gale;
Some of them climbing a window-ledge,
Some of them peering from way-side hedge,
As yonder, adrift on the airy stream,
Love drives his plumed and filleted team
The Angel of Summer aloft I see,
And the souls of roses about to be
And the heart in me sings—the heart knows why—

This winter on earth, but June in the sky!
—Edith M. Thomas.

MEADOW FARM.

Mary Miller came home from the factory, upon that April evening, with a light, quick step.

The sky was all a jonquil glow; the frogs were croaking in the swamp; the maples were crimsoned with their earliest banners of blossom; and, as she tripped along, Mary found a tuft of violets, half hidden under a drift of dead leaves—pale purple, scentless blooms!

"The first violets always bring good luck with them," she whispered to herself, as she pinned them into the bosom of her blue flannel gown.

"Home" was scarcely the ideal realization of that poetic word to our factory-girl. She and her mother lived in the upper half of a shabby, unpainted wooden house, with the blacksmith's scolding wife and seven riotous children down stairs, and one-half of a trampled-down back yard by way of garden, where nothing ever grew but burdocks, nettles and Mrs. Muggs' long-legged fowls.

But Mrs. Miller, who had been a school-teacher once, and still retained somewhat of the refinement of her early education, had the tea ready, with a shaded lamp and a bunch of maple blossoms on the table, ready for Mary to come home.

"Good news, mother!" the girl cried, lightly. "The Meadow farm is to let! Mother, we must take it!"

Mrs. Miller looked dubiously at the bright, eager face, with its blue-gray eyes and fringes of yellow hair.

"Can we afford it, daughter?" she said, slowly. "A whole house and a farm of forty-three acres?"

"It isn't such a very large house, mother!" pleaded Mary, as she laid the bunch of violets in her mother's lap—"not so many more rooms than we have here. And we could keep two cows, and I could sell milk and butter, and spring chickens and eggs; and I am almost sure that Will Davidge would work the farm on shares. And only think, mother, how delightful it would be to have a home all to ourselves, where we couldn't hear Mrs. Muggs' boxing Bobby's ears, or Helen shrieking with the toothache! And a little garden; mother, where we could have peonies and hollyhocks, and all those lovely, old-fashioned flowers that your soul delights in!"

"Mrs. Miller's pale face softened.

"It would be a great temptation, Molly," she said.

"It is a month now since old Mrs. Dabney died," said Mary. "And they say that her daughter in the city and her son out in California despise the old farm, with its one-story house and its old red barn. So it is to let. And so cheap, too! Only a hundred and fifty dollars a year! Mother, we must take it! I'll leave the factory and turn dairy-maid. I've saved enough, you know, to buy the two cows and some real Plymouth Rock fowls to begin with, and, oh, it will be such a happiness! Say yes, mother—do say yes!"

When Mary Miller pleaded like this, the gentle widow never knew how to refuse; and the upshot of it was that they leased the old Dabney house, and became co-sovereigns of the realm of Meadow farm.

It was their first night there. Overhead the young May moon shone through a veil of purple mist. A solitary owl hooted in the chestnut-wood back of the house, for Meadow farm was situated on a lonely mountain-side where no one ever came except on special business.

The Plymouth Rock chickens were safely shut up where foxes could not reach them nor minks steal in to bleed their young lives away; the cows—two fine young Alderneys—were chewing their cud back of the old red barn, and Mary Miller had flung a handful of cedar-sticks on the hearth, where their scented blaze illuminated the old kitchen with a leaping brightness beautiful to see.

"Because it's just possible that the house may be damp," she said, "after being uninhabited so long. There, mother, isn't that cheerful? And isn't it nice that our old rag-carpet should chance to fit this floor so exactly?" with a satisfied downward glance. "And do you see those tiger-lilies? I found them down by the garden-wall—oh, such a wilderness of them! Old Mrs. Dabney set them out herself, they say. It seems only yesterday," she added, thoughtfully, "that I came past here and saw old Mrs. Dabney sitting in the big chair by the fire, just where—"

Mrs. Miller uttered a little shriek and grasped her daughter's arm at this moment. Mary stopped short, with an ashy pallor overspreading her cheek.

For as she spoke, the door opposite had opened, and a very little old woman, silver-haired and shriveled like a mummy, came in, and, walking across the floor, seated herself in Mrs. Dabney's very corner. An old woman dressed in the snuff-colored gown which Mrs. Dabney had always worn, and wearing a snuff-silk cap, with a bag depended from her arm.

"It's cold, ladies," she said, looking around with a deprecating air. "Cold for the season of the year. And they don't keep fires at Tewks-town!"

"Mother," said Mary, recovering her-

self with a hysterical gasp of relief. "It isn't old Mrs. Dabney's ghost at all. It's old Miss Abby, come back from the Tewks-town poor-house."

"You don't mean—" began the mild widow.

"That Mrs. Daniel Dabney and Mrs. Everard Elbertson let their old aunt go to the poor-house?" said Mary Miller. "Yes, it is quite true. Mrs. Daniel leads society in San Francisco, I am told, and Mrs. Elbertson is a grand lady in Bridgeport, with a reception day and servants in livery. What could they do with a half crazy old aunt, who takes snuff and talks uncertain grammar? Poor Miss Abby! She has wandered back to her old home. She was eighty last birthday, and things are all misty and vague to her."

"But what shall we do?" said Mrs. Miller, in accents of perplexity. "A crazy woman here—it don't seem just right. Molly, does it?"

"I'll take her back, after she has rested a little, and had a cup of tea," said Mary, cheerily.

"But perhaps she won't go."

"Oh, yes, she will," said Mary. "Poor Miss Abby! She is as gentle as a child."

Her words proved to be correct. Miss Abby Dabney suffered herself to be led unremotely back to Tewks-town poor-house, where the matron read her a shrill-voiced lecture, and declared she should not be allowed another grain of snuff if she couldn't behave better. Old Miss Abby smiled deprecatingly.

"They are peculiar people here," she said. "I think, my dear," to Mary Miller, "they forget sometimes I am a lady. But it takes all sorts, don't you see, to make a world."

The next night, however, just as Mary and her mother were sitting down to tea, Miss Abby once more appeared, in the midst of a gentle shower of rain.

"I hope I don't inconvenience anybody," she said, meekly. "But that woman at Tewks-town has cut off my allowance of snuff, and, after all, there's no place like home."

And once more Mary Miller patiently walked back with the poor old crone to the poor-house. The matron was infuriated this time.

"It ain't in human nature to stand this," she declared. "I'll put her in the jug."

"The jug?" repeated Mary, in surprise.

"It's a room, down cellar, where we shut up the troublesome cases," said the matron. "I can't stand this running-away business, and I won't!"

The jug, perhaps, proved efficacious, for old Miss Abby Dabney did not appear again for a week. At the expiration of that period, however, she crept noiselessly in, just at dusk, and seated herself like a silent shadow in the chimney corner.

"It is so good to be at home again," said she, rubbing her wrinkled hands. "I somehow seem to get lost of late. Elanathan is gone, and Betsey is gone, and I'm left here all alone. Yes, a cup of tea, please—sugar and no milk. They never remember how I like my tea at Tewks-town. This is good; and butter on my bread, too! We don't get butter at Tewks-town."

Mary burst into tears.

"Mother," said she, "Miss Abby shall not go back to Tewks-town—she shall stay here! Mother, how should I feel if you were wandering friendless and alone through the world?"

"But, my dear—"

"She shall sleep in her own old room, out of the kitchen," persisted Mary.

"She'll be no more care than a canary-bird. Oh, mother, do consent! She will think then that she is still in her own home. Oh, if you know how dreary it is at that poor-house, with the grass all tramped out, and piles of clam-shells lying around the door, and not so much as a dandelion or a daisy to be seen."

And Mrs. Miller yielded to Mary's tearful solicitations.

"Do as you please, my child," said she.

The Tewks-town authorities were but too glad to be rid of the poor old incubus; and Miss Abby Dabney settled down into her old home, as contentedly and unquestioningly as if she had never left it.

She ate and drank but little; she talked still less, and seemed to regard Mrs. Miller and Mary as guests, who had come to visit the old farm.

"The Widow Miller and her darter must be rich folks, to undertake to support old Miss Abby," sneered one neighbor.

"She was well enough provided for at the poor-house," said another.

"I never yet saw a farm succeed that was worked by women-folks," jeered a third.

"There'll be the biggest kind of a smash-up presently," observed number four. "And an auction sale of everything; and I'll be on hand—for I don't deny that them little Alderney cows is the cunningest creatures I ever set eyes on, and good milkers into the bargain."

But time wore on, and there was no flutter of any red flag over the porch.

On the contrary, matters thrived, and Mary Miller declared, joyously, that "farming was a great deal more profitable business than working in the factory, and she only wished that she had found it out before."

Until one gray, autumnal evening, Mary and her mother came back from a brisk walk to the village, and found a stalwart, sunbrowned man sitting opposite to Miss Abby, by the red glow of the fire.

The old woman rose up, in an odd, uncertain way.

"Ladies," she said, fumbling in her old snuff-box, "this is my nephew, Cyrus Dabney—he as ran away from home twenty-nine years ago come Michaelmas Day, and we all supposed was dead. Cyrus, these are the ladies who are so good as to visit me here. I don't quite recollect their names; but then, my memory ain't as good as it used to be; and, after all, it don't matter much. Nothing matters much nowadays!"

And Miss Abby sat down and fell into a "daze" again, as if all necessity for conversational effort were over.

Cyrus Dabney stood up—a bronzed, bearded giant, with dark eyes and super-bright stature.

"Ladies, I beg your pardon!" he said.

"But I s'posed when I came here I was coming home! I knew nothing of all these changes. I never could have dreamed that my cousins would let this old creature go to—the town poor-house. I don't know who you are, ladies," with a husky rattle in his throat, "but I thank

you, from the very bottom of my heart, for giving her a shelter in her old age. And if money will pay you for it—"

"It will not!" said Mary, sharply, as if the words conveyed a slur.

"No, I s'posed not," said Cyrus, with a sigh. "But I've plenty of money now. The dear old aunt shall live like a queen all the rest of her days, for she was good to me when all the rest set me down for a black sheep. I've made my fortune out in Panama, and I've come home to redeem myself!"

"I have heard of Cyrus Dabney," said Mrs. Miller, gently.

"And I'll venture, ma'am, you heard no good of me," said the young giant, with a short laugh. "I'll not deny that I was a wild boy enough, but there wasn't any actual evil in me, let folks say what they would. And now I've come back a rich man, and there's nobody to bid me welcome home, except old Aunt Abby, out of the poor-house."

He could not long have made this statement, however.

All the town was up to bid the rich government contractor welcome to Tewks-town within twenty-four hours. Human nature is human nature everywhere. But Cyrus Dabney cared little for the friendly overtures of the old neighbors.

Aunt Abby was the only person for whom he seemed to care, and his greatest grief was that the old woman refused to leave the old Dabney farmhouse to live in the stately brick mansion which he built on Prospect hill. And then he asked permission to deck her little bed-room with the curiosities he had brought her from the isthmus, and in tacking up draperies and arranging shells and old silver coins he and Mary unconsciously became friends!

Friends! She never knew that it was anything else, until one day old Aunt Abby took a strange idea into her head. And Mary, holding a rich Oriental cord for Cyrus Dabney to loop into knots for picture frames, heard her introduce Mrs. Miller to a neighbor as "my guest, Mrs. Miller, the mother of the young lady that nephew Cyrus is going to marry!"

Cyrus looked at Mary. Mary dropped the ball of cord and turned crimson.

"Mary!" he said, pitiously, "say that it shall be so. For I love you! And—and you were good to old Aunt Abby when all the world turned against her. I sometimes think, Mary, that you must be like one of heaven's angels!"

And this was how they became engaged!

They still live in the old farm-house, the happiest of married lovers, and Aunt Abby firmly believes that they are all her guests; for to her the world stands eternally still—the world that is so full of bloom and beauty to Cyrus and Mary!—
Helen Forrest Graves.

Caught by an Avalanche.

Two miners—John Olsen and Peter Anderson—report a fearful ride down Keeler's Peak, in Utah, on an avalanche. They were swept from the trail by a straight snow slide and down until they thought it was the end, and lost consciousness.

Olsen gives a graphic account of his terrible experiences. "We were going along the path together," said he, "when we heard above us, on the mountain, a sound as if a big storm were raging. There was an awful roar, and the trees were swaying as if bent by the wind. The sound approached us suddenly, and then a huge white mound towered above us, and the next instant all was darkness to me. It flashed through my mind that I was caught in a snow slide. I tried to put out my arms, but they were pressed to my side and I could move them but little. I could feel the snow with my hands. I could feel no movement, though at that moment, I suppose, I was going down the mountain side with frightful rapidity. At first I experienced no difficulty in breathing, but soon I felt a horrible sense of suffocation. I tried to struggle upward, but could not. The air about me seemed to become less and less, and I lost consciousness. I was awakened by a shock. I opened my eyes and found myself hanging across the branch of a tree, wedged in tightly between it and the trunk. For a few moments I could make no exertion, but finally managed to draw myself upward into a sitting posture. I looked downward, and the surface of the snow seemed to be about seventy feet beneath me. I felt faint, and my hold on the limb gradually relaxed in spite of all my efforts. Finally I became dizzy and fell, as I thought, to death. I dropped only about six feet and landed in the soft snow. I suppose the shock had somehow affected my sight. I crawled downward to the foot of the snowslide and there found Anderson, half insensible from being thrown against a rock. He soon revived, however, and we came away together."

Quinine from Gas Tar.

The last contribution of modern chemistry to science is the production of quinine from gas tar. Professor Fisher, of Munich, has succeeded in obtaining from distilled coal a white crystalline powder, which, as far as regards its action on the human system, cannot be distinguished from quinine except that it assimilates even more readily with the stomach. Its efficacy in reducing fever heat is said to be remarkable, even rendering the use of ice unnecessary. The importance of such a discovery as this consists not so much in the actual fact achieved as in the stimulus given to scientific research by the opening up of a new channel of investigation. The romance of gas tar is evidently far from being exhausted. In addition to the sweetest scents, the most brilliant dyes, the most powerful disinfectants, and even prussic acid are some of the numerous and wonderful products of its decomposition.

A Telephone Trick.

To a barrister's clerk in Birmingham, England, belongs the credit of showing how fraudulent ingenuity adapts itself to new conditions, and the robbery of his master through the telephone, for which he is now "wanted," was a very clever piece of criminal work. He connected the telephone with a friend of his employer, successfully imitated the voice of his master, and asked for the loan of some money, adding that the clerk would be sent to fetch it. Then, by forging a telegram to call the barrister into the country, he gained plenty of time to put long distances between the three parties concerned, and insured a postponement of the discovery of the fraud.

Make a Beginning.

Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings-bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they make a beginning, and hold out a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling on his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolution of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning.

HOW APACHES HUNT DEER.

RUNNING DOWN THE ANIMAL WITH THEIR TIRELESS LOPE.

The Penalty of Failing to Shoot The Quarry—A Successful Pursuit that Lasts Sixty Miles.

An ex-frontiersman tells a New York Sun reporter how the Apache Indian hunts the deer. He says:

When an Apache hunter goes out for a hunt he dispenses with even the scant attire he assumes in his ordinary daily walk in life. He needs no dog, for his quick eye detects the trail of the deer as readily as the hound's does, no matter how keen its scent. On the trail, he follows it as silently as a shadow, for he knows he will soon come in sight of the game, either feeding or lying at rest among the bushes. When he sights the deer he steals to within safe gunshot. If the deer's head is turned away from the hunter, the latter, first taking aim, shuffles his foot on the ground. If the deer is lying down it springs to its feet at the sound, and wheels around facing the direction from which the sound came. If it is standing, it turns around quickly. The Apache hunter is always desirous of killing a deer by shooting it as nearly in the center of the forehead as he can. So when the deer turns toward him, he fires at that spot. His aim is rarely at fault, but sometimes the deer is quicker to discover the cause of its alarm than the hunter is to fire and turns for safety in flight. An Apache's gun, also, not infrequently misses fire, and the deer flies on the wings of the wind. To permit a deer to escape after it is once discovered is something that no Apache hunter is expected to do, and it is against their code to fire the second time. The hunter, failing to kill his game at the first attempt, must run it down, and it is very rare that he fails in this chase. As the deer starts away in its flight, leaping from twenty to thirty feet at a time, the Indian drops his gun, and, with hideous yells, starts in pursuit. The deer at first leaves the hunter far behind, putting forth its greatest efforts to that end. But its trail is as plain to the Indian as a turnpike road is to a white man, and he follows. As its nature, as soon as the deer is out of sight and sound of threatening danger, it stops and waits for developments. The sight of the pursuing hunter starts it on its way again. Every halt of this kind tells against the deer, for it is not of sufficient length to give it any beneficial rest, and at every new start it is stiffer and less active. The Indian never halts. There are runners among the Apaches who can run for twenty-four hours without a stop, and can make their five miles every hour of the time. After the deer has run for two or three hours, its thirst prompts it to make for the nearest water. This the relentless hunter knows to be inevitable, and when the deer reaches this stage of the chase the Indian considers the victory won. There is no hope for the deer after it stops to drink, for it takes into its parched stomach all it can. Having ladened itself with this weight of water the deer is unable to take long leaps, and cannot extend its run between halts more than half the former distance. The Indian's tongue may hang swollen and white from his mouth, and his mouth be as dry as dust, and his stomach burning up with heat, but he never stops to drink. He scoops a handful of water from the stream as he dashes across it, and carries it to his mouth, where he holds it a moment and ejects it without taking a swallow. If he is obliged to swim, he lets the water run in his mouth, but keeps it from his stomach.

After running an hour or so, after the deer has quenched its thirst, the Indian knows it is time to find some evidence of the animal's weakening. These he is sure to find along the trail, in the shape of blood spots on some rock where the deer has tumbled on its knees, or a patch of hair clinging to some sharp projection, showing that the deer's strength has failed so that it cannot turn quickly out of the way of obstacles. Now the Indian increases his speed. He knows that the deer's race is run. In time he overtakes the deer, which is now lopeing feebly along. A yell startles it into a momentary burst of speed. Then, as if appreciating the fact that it were useless to prolong the race, it stops and turns with all the defiance its exhausted nature can assume, and awaits the approach of the hunter. Sometimes, however, the deer runs until it drops dead or dying in its tracks. If it turns upon the Indian, the latter keeps right on at full speed. He knows the deer can do him no harm, its inclination to the contrary notwithstanding. He seizes it boldly, throws it to the ground with ease, and cuts its throat. Without a moment's delay, whether the deer is dead or dying, the Indian cuts from behind the fore shoulder a large piece of meat. He sucks the warm blood from it and devours the morsel, keeping constantly on the move. If the carcass of the deer is not too heavy, he throws it across his shoulders and starts immediately for home. He does not rest a moment, for fear of becoming too stiff to make the return trip. If the deer is too heavy for him to carry, he cuts out the choicest parts, hides the remainder in a secure place, and brings in the former. In this case another member of the tribe is selected to take his back track on the arrival of the hunter in camp, and bring in the venison left behind.

If a deer is young an Apache hunter will run it down within a distance of sixty miles, but they have been known to prolong a chase for 100 miles. The course taken is always devious and circuitous, and may end within a mile or so of the starting place.

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FASHION NOTES.

Circle cloaks of every description remain in high favor.

Buttoned and Mousquetaire Suede gloves are equally fashionable.

The evening cloak par excellence is of cashmere lined with plush, and having a crape hood trimmed with lace.

Pretty Parisian capotes are made of velvet applique on colored lace, with a bunch of velvet flowers on one side.

The small muff of velvet, lace, plush, fur, and even cloth matching the capote in shade and material, is the latest fancy.

For street wear some of the Parisian milliners have brought out exquisite little Fanchon like bonnets of gray Swedish kid.

Neglige caps are pointed in front. One is made of gold lace and trimmed with pink velvet ribbon, another of silver lace has bows of pale blue ribbon.

Gloves thirty-one inches long in mousquetaire shape, without a single button, are made of reddish tan Suede cathe, to be worn with any evening dress, either white, black or colored.

A new style muff is composed of rows of falling chenille, either in black, brown or any dark color, with loops of gold or silver braid sewn on at distances beneath the falling fringe, but showing between.

One of the new brocades has ground of pale buff satin, covered with an irregular lace-like pattern of lavender pink, with bouquets of flowers in petunia and light blue tints and foliage of faded green.

Diamonds are now mounted to represent various flowers, which can be worn either as bouquets on the bodice and in the hair, or can be detached as single blooms when required. A necklace of pansies in diamonds is very handsome.

Plaques of beaded lace, especially of what is called white jet, with sleeves of the same, are worn with white dresses of satin or brocade velvet. A full frill of three or four rows of lace is around the neck, and a bow of velvet or a small bunch of flowers fastens this on the side.

The smallest screw earrings are now almost the only kind admissible with street dresses. These may be made of rubies, pearls, turquoises, cat's eyes, or flint diamonds set in natural gold of the brightest yellow, or held by claws of platinum that are strong though too small to be conspicuous.

Young ladies now wear one, two or three strings of pearls, fastened in front by a dainty little colored velvet bow; also a band of velvet or cream-colored lace, with a pompon as fastening, worn toward the left ear. Some velvet bands are edged on each side with a string of small pearls, and others have tiny pearls dotted over them.

A Gigantic Statue.

Of the scenery of the Borromean Islands, or the blended softness and grandeur of the charming banks, the intense blue of the lake waters, and distant engirdling of snowy peaks, one can hardly say too much. But other points of interest there are, most attractive to the traveler; among them, in the vicinity of Arona Station, upon an elevation overlooking the entire district, is a colossal statue stretching skyward sixty-six feet, and resting upon a pedestal forty feet in height. It was erected in 1897, in honor of the celebrated Cardinal, Count Carlo Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, in which city he died, 1587. The head, hands and feet of this statue are of bronze; the robe is of wrought copper. The various parts are held together by iron clamps, and in the interior by stout masonry. Ladders are at hand, by which the lower part of the robe may be reached, whence the interior can be entered. If one has pluck and spirit, and is a climber of skill, he can, by means of well-arranged iron bars, ascend to the head of this wonderful statue, in which three persons can be accommodated. A window introduced at the back of this gigantic memorial relieves slightly the intense closeness of the air; but the suffocating heat and the crowded companionship of bats render the ascent any thing but a pleasant pastime. There is no little artistic merit in this enormous structure, and it will long stand in commemoration of the kindly soul imperiling personal safety in thoughtfulness for others, when the plague was devastating his diocese. Cardinal Borromeo died at his post, a martyr in this terrible warfare of death. He was canonized in 1610, and his shrine has been the resort of pilgrims from far and near. —*Baldwin's Monthly.*

Peculiarities of Language.

The German calls a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves. Poultry is feather-cattle; while the names for the well-known substances, "oxygen" and "hydrogen," are in their language "sour stuff" and "water stuff." The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," and cannot speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach, in his politeness, he makes to it, is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot"—the same thing probably to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," nor for "home," nor "comfort." The term "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in French. The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for "humanity."

Jay Gould's Tomb.

Jay Gould's tomb is almost finished. It is of ample size, being constructed to hold twenty bodies. It is elaborate in its workmanship and finish, and perfect in all its appointments. The illustrious millionaire biographer of himself is now prepared for anything that fate may bring. If he wants to stay at home he has houses, lands and money galore. If he wants to sail the seas he has a yacht ready at a moment's notice. And now if he wants to die at any time or in any crazy person should blow him up with dynamite or powder he is ready with a tomb warranted to hold the most restless millionaire and to outwit the shrewdest and most industrious ghouls which New York can possibly furnish. —*Pittsburgh Times.*

Some 30,000 children are living on canal boats in England.

A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

Can I forget that winter night
In eighteen eighty-four,
When Nellie, charming little sprite,
Came tapping at the door?
"Good-evening, miss," I blushing said
For in my heart I knew—
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—
That Nellie came to woo!

She clasped my big, red hand, and I fell
Adown upon her knees.
And cried: "You know I love you well,
So be my husband, please!"
And then she swore she'd ever be
A tender wife and true—
Ah, what delight it was to me
That Nellie came to woo!

She'd lace my shoes and darn my hose
And mend my shirts, she said,
And graze my comely Roman nose
Each night on going to bed:
She'd build the fires and fetch the coal,
And split the kindling, too—
Love's perjuries or whelmed her soul
When Nellie came to woo!

And as I, blushing, gave no check
To her advances rash,
She twined her arms about my neck,
And toyed with my mustache;
And then she pleaded for a kiss,
While I—what could I do
But coyly yield to that bliss
When Nellie came to woo!

I am engaged, and proudly wear
A gorgeous diamond ring,
And I shall wed my lover fair
Some time in gentle spring
I face my doom without a sigh—
And so, for a while, would you,
If you but loved as fond as I,
And Nellie came to woo.

—Chicago News.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Over true tails—Hair.
A deer child—A fawn.
Coats of arms—Sleeves.
Flooral decorations—Rugs.

A stuck-up man—The taffy maker.

The "poets' scorn" in a newspaper is usually the editor.—*Rochester Express.*
Niagara falls. Well, you wouldn't expect it to run up hill, would you?—*Rochester Post.*

A joint resolution—The determination of the landlady to have a leg of mutton for dinner.—*Lovell Courier.*

The use of alligator leather has become so general that it causes the slaughter, every year, of 6,000,000 pigs.—*Pick's Sun.*

The Washington *Hatchet* announces that prose and verse will be paid for at the regular rates, and that "the rate for verse is death."

Barnum's white elephant cost him \$200,000. Many more costly white elephants have been owned in this country.—*Lovell Courier.*

A Frenchman is teaching a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk.—*Boston Post.*

"Dig him out! Dig him out!" said the wife of the man who got buried by a caving well; "he's got at least six dollars in his pocket."

The London *World* tells of a new contrivance to make ladies taller. The ladies have contrivances enough for making men short.—*New York World.*

Professor Swink says that "poetry arises from the fact that a man likes to see two things at once." And yet all inebriates are not poets.—*Graphic.*

You can rent a sealskin sac

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Diet for Pigs.
Corn is not a perfect diet for pigs. It is deficient in albuminoids. To correct this we must add an article, says the *Breeder's Gazette*, that will make up for the deficiency. For example, skim-milk is highly nitrogenous and has nearly four per cent. of true albuminoids. Two and a third pounds of skim-milk contain as much albuminous food as is found in one pound of corn. But we cannot always add milk. Lined cake, meal or pea meal greatly increases the value of corn as a hog feed. The pig kept in a small pen, getting milk and table scraps with a little corn is noted for continued good health and even development.

Milk for Young Colts.
It is recommended by those who have tried the experiment to give cows' milk to young colts to drink instead of water. It is notorious that mares rarely have sufficient milk for the proper nourishment of their colts. All who have bred colts, whether cart or thoroughbred, cannot fail to notice how soon the youngster begins to eat with its dam any food that is in the manger or crib. If a large supply of milk could be introduced to the young sapling no doubt the desire for the other food would be lessened and it would avoid eating too much corn or grass or hay—food that is adapted to an older stomach and which requires more digestive operations than the delicate stomach of a two-month-old colt is possessed of. Good cows' milk could be sweetened to make it more closely resemble the mare's in taste, for no doubt the quality of mare's milk, like that of asses, is far richer than cows'. Milk is the natural food for infant animals, and it is cheaper and better to bring up the young colt or lamb on milk than on any other substance.—*Grazer*

Bedding for Animals.
The farmer who takes pains to "make up the bed" for his cow or horse, gains ten times more than the cost of the labor of so doing, says the *Prairie Farmer*. If all the material is passed through the cutter previous to being used for bedding, it not only adds to the comfort of the animal, but assists in the matter of cleanliness by reason of its great power of absorption. For this reason sawdust is becoming a favorite, as its fineness not only adds of its being handled easily, well spread in the stall, and promptly removed, but after having absorbed the liquid flows of the stall, still readily mixes with the matter in the manure heap. The merit of sawdust is due to its fineness and to its absorptive qualities. If any bedding is plentiful, fine and absorbent, it prevents loss of manure by intimately mixing with it, and as the droppings are more readily incorporated with a great mass of absorbent material, the risk of evaporation and escape of gases is lessened. Now, if the labor of cutting is to be taken into account, it is more than balanced by the facility in spreading the fine manure when it is hauled to the field. The cutting can be done in winter or during the wet days, and it is a luxury to spread nice, finely-divided manure. Good, fine, clean bedding adds to the thrift and health of the animals, is cooler in summer and warmer in winter, and those who use it prevent much loss.

Pot Roses.
A market grower in the neighborhood of Paris has a method of treating pot roses which is said to ensure their flowering a second time, with a vigor and profusion almost or quite equaling the first display. By the system followed the plants are subjected to a forced rest as soon as the flowers fade, which is accomplished by keeping them under cover, and for a time almost entirely withholding water. In the course of a month or so they are pruned, shaken out and fresh potted, or simply watered with manure water, when they start away into growth again, and bloom finely at the close of the summer or early in autumn when roses are scarce. In this way the plants are in blossom at those seasons of the year when the outdoor plants have either not commenced to flower or are nearly past, and are resting just when they are least needed. It may be thought that this treatment would be so far exhaustive as to render the plants of but little value for another year, but we are assured that this is not the case, and that scarcely any difference is perceptible between plants which have thus bloomed twice in the year and such as have been allowed to recruit in their own natural way. This, if true, is by no means so surprising as it would be in the case of many other plants, as we know some roses flower abundantly naturally in the autumn, and push into growth with undiminished vigor the following spring. We see this in the case of such kinds as the old Glory, Aimee Vibert, Adam, Ceine Forestier, the Chinas, and others, which never under good culture seem to get tired of producing bloom. We also know that the class of Hybrid Perpetuals yield, with liberal treatment, a good secondary bloom.—*The Garden*

Confining Fowls.
A New Jersey correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes to that paper concerning the ill effects of giving fowls too much liberty, and gives such excellent advice in regard to their proper care that we make the following extract for the benefit of our readers:—"The best yard for fowls is an orchard—apples, pears, peaches or plums—ample in size, with some currant bushes, that sour and nearly worthless fruit of which they could steal ad libitum; and in this yard I would also have some permanent grass and some land to plough where corn, rye, oats, buckwheat, &c., could be sown at intervals for them to scratch out and eat. The fence should be of lath or something cheap and movable. In addition, make part of this yard a receptacle for beef heads, lightly buried and any bones with adhering scraps of meat, the bones to be cracked and fed out at intervals. Beside, dump in most of the vegetable rubbish that the farm furnishes, weeds, cornstalks, straw, salt or hog hay, potato tops, beanstalks, buckwheat straw, etc., etc., and throw grain into it. The amount of rubbish that a flock will pulverize in a year with these incentives is astonishing, and all the while they are doing useful work instead of haunting you. The people most likely to complain of the time it takes are generally those who like to hang about the

groceries of the town or entirely unaccustomed to watchful and systematic care of live stock. The time given is more than made up in the time saved in chasing them out of mischief, and in damage averted from crops grown for sale on the table. Where flocks have their full liberty nothing is more common, beside being in all sorts of mischief, than to see them hanging about the front door of a farmhouse, on the piazza, at the kitchen door, or in some other spot where they are not wanted, or are a disgusting nuisance. When confined part of each day in a rather small yard and released a few hours they usually spend it in lively exercise, and when through with it go to roost without making trouble. Even from a large yard they can be profitably released frequently, as they enjoy a change of scene, but to beat large all the time without any food, or but little of it, is in my judgment a pernicious practice. Another objection to the latter is the waste of eggs. Give the hens full freedom and eggs are laid almost anywhere, and often in almost inaccessible places—under stables, where only dogs, cats or skunks can penetrate—in boxes, barrels, wagons, straw stacks, behind woodpiles, in the grass, where they are trodden on or spoiled before being found—and much valuable time is lost in hunting for them. In a henhouse with proper nest boxes none are lost from these causes, and no time in hunting for them.

Undeveloped Resources of the Soil.
Some years ago, being short of manure to finish out a cornfield, we had recourse to a quantity of decomposed muck, which laid upon a ditch bank adjacent to the field we proposed to cultivate of five acres. Of this we proposed to draw out some forty cartloads and spread it over two acres, but could see no perceptible difference in the quantity of corn produced on the land fertilized with barnyard manure or the two acres on which muck was spread. Afterward we grew a crop of wheat and seeded it down with timothy in the fall, intending to sow clover seed in the spring, which was omitted. But, strange as it may appear, when the grass began to grow the summer following on all the portion of the field covered by the muck as handsome a stand of red-top clover appeared as if the land had been carefully seeded, but on all that portion of the field not so mucked no clover appeared whatever. Wherever the muck had been dumped, and the muck spread from the heap in the center, the clover grew in regular rings, following the exact line or circle of the muck distribution, while only pure timothy grew upon the field immediately adjacent, treated with barnyard manure. When the grass came to be gathered one portion of the field was a regular clover patch, mixed with timothy. The field was originally a worn-out pasture field, and the herbage for years had only been five-finger vines, mullens and thistles. The explanation would seem to be that some years previous the land had been seeded down to clover, although not a single spear of clover had been seen on the land in ten years, and the clover seed lodged in the ground had not vegetated for lack of the kindred nourishment found in the muck to develop it. The land was of a sandy clay loam on a limestone base. What it lacked to develop the clover was plowing and the muck dressing, which afterward retained its hold upon the land for years. Now, there are fields on many farms needing just such treatment as we have described to make them produce both good grain and grass, but they never get it because the land is never plowed or reseeded. On an adjoining field of fifteen acres we were not so fortunate. Having been several years in grass, it was plowed and worked deep for corn; but when the corn came up simultaneously appeared all over the field a crop of May weed, which for a time seemed to defy all attempts to work the corn. In fact, it required a harrow and two men to work in advance of the corn plow to find it. A tougher job we never engaged in than the extinguishment of the May weed, which, like the clover in the adjacent field, having been plowed under, had never vegetated until we had plowed for corn. All this trouble comes from slovenly farming, or allowing crop of weeds to be plowed under after the seeds have formed. May weed is a very troublesome weed, but it never appeared again after the land was well reseeded to grass.—*Orange County Farmer*

Household Recipes and Hints.
PORK TENDERLOINS.—Cut in thin slices; stew in water till nearly done; put a little butter into a frying-pan, and fry them until brown; serve on buttered toast.
POTATO BISCUIT.—For potato biscuit, boil half a dozen fine, large potatoes; mash them: when cool, add a cup of sweet milk and flour enough to roll out, with a teaspoonful of baking-powder sifted with the flour; do not knead more than is absolutely necessary; cut into small biscuits, and bake in a quick oven.
SCRAM PUDDING.—One quart of milk, one-quarter of a pound each of flour, sugar and butter; boil until thick, then add six eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately. Bake in a dish set in a pan partly filled with hot water, one hour. Serve with a sauce made of two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, well mixed.
A keg or bag of charcoal kept in milk-rooms or cellars where there is milk will be found advantageous, especially if the rooms or cellars incline to be at all damp. The charcoal will absorb both dampness and odors from the air and thus preserve the milk, in great measure, from taint.
A very good apple jelly for every-day use can be made as follows: Get nice, juicy cooking apples, pare, core and cut them in quarters. To each pound put half a small teaspoonful of water, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, the rind of half a lemon cut very fine. Boil gently three-quarters of an hour, or until some cooled on a plate will set quite firm. Have a China mold well wetted with cold water, pour the jelly into this and tie down, as jam, if not wanted at once. The apples should be stirred well and mashed fine with the spoon while boiling. If properly attended to, this jelly will be clear and firm.
To make apple potpie, take fourteen apples, peeled, cored and sliced, one and a half pints of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, one cupful sugar, half cupful butter, one cupful milk, large

pinch salt. Sift flour with powder and salt, rub in butter cold, add milk, mix into dough as for ten biscuits; with it line shallow steppan to within two inches of bottom; pour in one and a half cupfuls water, apples and sugar, wet edges and cover with hot dough; put cover on, set it to boil twenty minutes, then place in moderate oven, until apples are cooked; then remove from oven, cut top crust in four equal parts, dish apples, lay on them pieces of side crust cut in diamonds, and pieces of top crust on a plate; serve with cream.

Steel will not oxidize or rust in dry air, and any process or method adopted to secure this will preserve the finest polish to the surface of steel or iron for a long period. There is an old plan in use by the large Birmingham (England) cutlery manufacturers, which is not generally known, and which is easy of practical application. Piano-forte wire and all small bright goods are kept in this way secure from damage by rust. The agent used is simply fine quicklime dusted over the polished surface. When articles are required to be preserved for some length of time, strips of paper freely covered with powdered lime are to be wrapped around them—sometimes the cutlery place the goods in cases, and fill in with powdered lime. The hygroscopic properties of quicklime secures the presence of dry air around the polished surfaces and thus indirectly lime prevents steel from rust.

The Population.
The following table gives the actual number of persons born in each State and in each foreign country, residing in the United States in 1880, as taken from the census reports. The percentage of the total population of the United States, born in each State and foreign country, has been computed and is here given for the purpose of comparison:

Born in the United States	Total, of the U. S.	Percentage of the total population
Alabama	1,319,180	2.63
Arkansas	538,757	1.04
California	538,757	1.04
Colorado	31,827	.06
Connecticut	538,757	1.04
Delaware	155,517	.31
Florida	194,518	.39
Georgia	1,719,098	3.43
Illinois	2,385,409	4.71
Indiana	1,736,440	3.46
Iowa	954,065	1.90
Kansas	279,151	.56
Kentucky	1,556,310	3.70
Louisiana	817,492	1.63
Maine	745,272	1.49
Maryland	658,141	1.31
Massachusetts	1,324,285	2.65
Michigan	624,661	1.24
Minnesota	341,750	.68
Mississippi	1,056,963	2.11
Missouri	1,567,284	3.12
Montana	113,478	.23
Nebraska	18,250	.04
Nevada	371,292	.74
New Hampshire	285,793	.57
New Jersey	4,753,547	9.48
New York	6,679,943	13.32
North Carolina	1,638,058	3.27
Ohio	3,022,656	6.58
Oregon	81,008	.16
Pennsylvania	4,184,190	8.34
Rhode Island	201,722	.40
South Carolina	1,187,111	2.37
Tennessee	1,787,504	3.56
Texas	915,020	1.82
Vermont	420,041	.86
Virginia	2,118,490	4.22
West Virginia	402,318	.88
Wisconsin	868,945	1.78
The Territories	285,793	.57
All foreign countries	6,679,943	13.32
German Empire	1,966,742	3.92
Ireland	1,855,561	3.70
England and Wales	746,363	1.49
British America	717,157	1.43
Sweden	194,517	.39
Norway	187,111	.37
France	170,245	.34
China	104,468	.21
All other foreign countries	636,370	1.27

From the above we see that of the total 50,155,783 persons residing in the United States in 1880, 43,475,840 or 86.68 per cent. were born within the United States and 6,679,943 or 13.32 per cent. were born abroad.
In like manner the distribution of the foreign born population of the United States is shown in the following table, which gives the foreign population of each State as taken from the census report and the percentage of the total as computed:

Foreign Population	Percentage of Total
Total United States	6,679,943 100.00
Alabama	9,734 .14
Arkansas	10,350 .15
California	292,874 4.38
Colorado	39,790 .59
Connecticut	129,892 1.96
Delaware	9,468 .14
Florida	9,909 .15
Georgia	10,564 .16
Illinois	585,576 8.74
Indiana	144,178 2.16
Iowa	261,650 3.92
Kansas	119,791 1.79
Kentucky	59,517 .89
Louisiana	54,146 .81
Maine	58,888 .88
Maryland	82,806 1.24
Massachusetts	413,491 6.64
Michigan	388,701 5.82
Minnesota	267,793 4.01
Mississippi	9,200 .14
Missouri	211,578 3.17
Montana	97,414 1.46
Nebraska	25,653 .38
Nevada	46,294 .69
New Hampshire	221,710 3.33
New Jersey	1,911,370 28.62
New York	3,044,943 45.71
North Carolina	394,943 5.91
Ohio	309,508 4.64
Oregon	587,820 8.80
Pennsylvania	78,968 1.19
Rhode Island	7,868 .12
South Carolina	114,616 1.73
Tennessee	14,006 .21
Texas	18,265 .27
Vermont	405,425 6.07
Virginia	6,409,784 97.50
West Virginia	150,159 2.25
Wisconsin	150,159 2.25

From the foregoing table we see that nearly 12 per cent. of all the foreign-born population of the United States reside in the New England States; a trifle over 30 per cent., or nearly one-third, in the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Nearly 17 per cent. are located in the three States of the Northwest—Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. Again, nearly 17 per cent. are located in Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, over 5 per cent. in Kansas and Iowa and over 4 per cent. in California. The States just enumerated contain over 85 per cent. of the foreign population, leaving less than 15 per cent. for the balance of the country, including all the Southern States.—*New York World*

AN ODD WINTER INDUSTRY.

FISHING FOR SMELT IN MAINE THROUGH THE ICE.

Method of Catching the Delicate Little Fish—A Village of Smelt-Fishermen Flying Before a Gale.

A gentleman who had been fishing for smelt through ice in Maine said to a New York *Times* representative: "Smelt-fishing through the ice does not differ much from the same mode of angling for pickerel, but the element of uncertainty is unknown in the former sport. You may fish all day sometimes for pickerel and then be obliged to buy enough to save yourself from going home 'skunked,' but when you cut your holes in the ice and put in your lines for smelt, you are just as certain of being kept busy pulling out fish as you are that you bait your hook. A smelt isn't as big a fish as a pickerel, but he's a game fighter, and there is an excitement about 'tending' the lines that pickerel-fishing does not create. The people up in Maine look upon smelt-fishing as the sport of the year, and they come for miles about the country to enjoy it. Even the Indians from the far-back country tramp in to the coast during the season to exercise their skill in luring smelt. The tackle for smelt-fishing is very simple. The line is an ordinary stout linen cord, about four feet long. To one end of this is attached a piece of lead about three inches long and the size and shape of a three-cornered file. This is called a file-sinker. To a swivel in the other end of the sinker is tied a pink-colored snell, made of common fish-line, to which is attached a hook such as is used in fishing for catfish. The snell is two feet long. The water acting on the triangular sinker, hung on its swivels, keeps it constantly twirling about, and the bait, which is an ugly looking insect called the clam worm, is always in motion. Each fisherman will have out an average of four lines, in as many different holes, if he seeks the enjoyment of the sport under the protection and shelter of a tent, or 'house,' as the natives call them. If he, like many of the local anglers, is braving the elements with the sole intention of extracting profit from the catch, and dances and trots about on the ice regardless of extraneous aids to combat the wind and frost, he is likely to have ten or a dozen lines to care for, spread over an area a hundred feet around; and if the fish are biting good he will have but little time to think of the cold, as he will be kept busy hauling up his lines and keeping the holes open.

"It has only been within a few years that such a thing as smelt-fishing under shelter was known. The fishermen had either to stand out unprotected against the gales and storms that seem to be kept 'on tap' along the coast for use at any moment or pull up their lines and go home. To be sure, they could pile up walls of ice and thatch them with pine boughs, but as it frequently is necessary for the fisherman to change his location and the ice barricades could not well be taken along, the building of them was generally time and labor thrown away. By the way, that is a peculiarity of smelt-fishing. The fish may be biting so that you will be kept constantly hopping from one hole to another to land your catch. Suddenly your 'tip-ups' will cease to tip. The smelts have taken it into their heads that the locality is not safe for them, and have moved. Well, in a case of this kind, as I said, the angler would find his ice and pine boughs useless, and he would have to desert them to hunt up the spot to which the fish had changed their base. But one season a man named Job Secor went up from Boston to try smelt-fishing. He tried it for a day and froze one foot and both ears, and then went away. But he didn't go home. He went to Belfast and had a heavy wooden frame, ten feet square, made by a carpenter. He procured some sail canvas and covered the frame with it, having an opening for a door. The frame was on runners. When the 'house' was finished he had it drawn upon the ice and placed over the holes he intended to fish through. Then it occurred to him that he might add still further to his comfort, and he bought a small box stove, ran a pipe from out one side of the house, started a roaring pine-wood fire in it, and, seated on a bench, fished as comfortably as if he were in his room at the hotel watching a stove-pipe hole in the floor. The house was secured to the ice by grappling irons. If smelt ceased biting in one spot, he simply loosened his grapplings, shoved his house along on the runners, and 'squatted' in more favorable quarters. No one who fishes for smelt simply for the sport there is in it has gone on the ice since then without one of the houses. Many who make a business of smelt-fishing have adopted the plan, and in the height of the season, a stranger going for the first time to any of the rivers or inlets along the coast would imagine that a small army was in camp there.

"On a good day for smelt the average catch per line will be at least 100, or say, thirty pounds. The fish net the business angler about five cents a pound, and have a ready sale in the local markets. I was having a busy time in my house. I had only two holes in use, for the fish were biting so lively that I couldn't take care of any more. It was snowing hard and blowing harder, but my fire was roaring inside, and I was tolerably comfortable. Suddenly along came one of those zephyrs that love to play up and down the Maine coast. It seemed to think that I was cutting things a little too fat around there, and it stopped at my hut, got a leverage on my grapplings, and the next instant hut, fisherman, stove and all were moving off at lively speed. The front part of the stove—which was not much more than a toy stove, being only two and a half feet long—dropped into one of the holes in the ice, and the whole business went down among the smelt. We were scudded along for a hundred yards, when my house came in contact with another fisherman's house. This called a sudden halt, and I took advantage of it to crawl hastily out. The collision loosened the grapplings on the other house, and in a moment both were flying onward before the wind. The gale had played the same game with other huts, and they were flying along over the ice in all parts of the inlet. The gale lasted for not more than ten minutes, but a whole smelt-fishing village had been moved about one mile from its site when it ended.

"I believe smelt-fishing is becoming more popular every year, and even the ladies are manifesting a willingness to brave its risks and, sometimes, its hardships. There was a party of three ladies and gentlemen from Boston camped on the ice when I came away."

What a Penny Will Buy in London
Do you know what can be bought for one penny in the streets of London? Inquires a correspondent of the *Chicago Times*. No. Well, then, go with me and stroll down St. Paul's churchyard into Ludgate hill, through Temple bar, down Fleet street, and into the Strand, and I guarantee you that in fifteen minutes' walk you will acquire a more varied stock of merchandise at one penny per object than the divine William had in mind when he caused Hamlet to observe: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio."

Here, opposite the soot-stained cathedral, we meet on the corner a flower-girl, who pressed us to buy a "nosegay," "bunch of roses, sir, only a penny!" "Ave a nice bunch, sir, only a penny!" You invest your copper, pin the three big roses in your button-hole, and march onward conquering and to conquer. At the "top" of Ludgate hill, a ragged woman, barefooted and red-nosed, an infant in her arms, and three dirty brats tugging at her bedraggled skirts, attacks you. She extends two boxes of matches toward you with the cry, piteously plaintive: "Lights! sir, two boxes of matches, only a penny, sir! buy a box, sir, only a penny, sir!" You pull out a second copper, pocket your two boxes of "lights," feeling very virtuous at having aided to clothe the naked and fill the hungry mouths of London poor. At the next step you are boarded by the man who sells key rings, "only a penny."

Then you successfully encounter sellers of picture books, of photographs, of bananas, of apples, of peaches, of oranges, of candies, and hundreds of other commodities more or less undesirable. By this time you have reached the stately dragon which prances on top of the monument, marking the spot where formerly stood famous Temple bar. You stop to gaze at that gorgeous "animal," which "was exceedingly rare," just like the one which was "reconstructed from them same bones" found in the celebrated Mr. Jones' family vault.

While gazing at the monument a gentleman of corn-killing proclivities approaches with a bottle of specimens preserved in alcohol, and resembling very nearly a bottle of "mixed pickles." He offers you a box of his infallible remedy for the eradication of all corns, bunions, wens, warts, etc.—price, "only a penny, sir!"

At frequent intervals you stop to buy a copy of the *News*, or the *Echo*, or *Monthly*, or *Lloyd's Weekly*—each one penny. These purchases are sandwiched in with penny pipes, penny leadpencils, penny pinholders, "a sponge for a penny, sir!" shoebuttons, shoestrings, "three pairs for one penny," penny neckties, "little brown jugs, only one penny!" penny pocket-cases, etc. Becoming hungry, you lunch on a penny bun and a penny sausage, and make your dessert of a penny stick of chewing gum. Then, with a penny cigar in your mouth—"genuine Havana"—you pursue the even tenor of your way as jauntily as the illustrious "Lardy Dah," of poetic fame, who is always depicted with
In his mouth a penny pick,
In his hand a penny stick,
And a penny in his pocket,
Lardy Dah! Lardy Dah!
And a penny in his pocket, Lardy Dah!

Where Washington Was Baptized.

About seven miles from Kinsale, Westmoreland county, Va., is Yeocomico Episcopal church, one of the oldest and most historic of the ancient landmarks of the Old Dominion. A correspondent, who visited the spot, says: "Yeocomico Episcopal church is one of the oldest and most historic of the ancient landmarks of the Old Dominion. It was here that George Washington was baptized when he first joined the church. The building was erected in the year 1706, making it now 176 years old. It is built of brick which were imported from England, and is inclosed by a brick wall, which, in many places, has been allowed to decay and tumble down. It is a small, one-story building, capable of setting about 300 persons. The pulpit, seats and other furniture are the same as when the father of his country worshipped there in his early days. The baptismal font, made of stone, and about four feet high, in which he was baptized, still stands in the same position, encircled by a wooden railing. The church yard is the burying ground for a number of families of that section, and I noticed several old graves containing the remains of some of the 'first settlers' of the State. Adjoining one side of the church is the old family vault, where some of Washington's relatives sleep. The old church is still used as a place of public worship, and the pulpit is now filled in a very acceptable manner by the Rev. Dr. Brooke.

Near the church is the old spring, where men of 'the days that tried men's souls' slaked their thirst, and there is still the iron ladder which General Washington had imported to this country from England chained to the roof of one of the overhanging trees, just as it was placed by his own hands, and in a good state of preservation.

The Root of All Evil.

A terrible affair recently happened in Puebla. An employee of the railroad brought home all his savings, \$260, in bank bills, as a surprise to show his wife, who did not know he had that amount of money. Hearing the approach of the train he put them on the table and ran to his work and his wife went to the door to look after him. During her absence their little three-year-old daughter crawled up to the table and seeing the roll of bright-colored paper threw them in the fire. The father on his return on learning of the loss struck the child such a terrible blow as to kill it, and that night, filled with remorse, cast himself under the wheels of a train and committed suicide. The mother became insane and is now in the asylum.—*Gales-ton News*

A Congressman said he stood in line for two days, and got to talk with the President three minutes.

The thirty-eight principal cities and towns in Ohio have a total indebtedness of \$38,104,388.

WISE WORDS.

Charities should be diffused. Grain will not grow if piled in a heap; it must be scattered.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity, there is no fear of your being one in adversity.

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it each day, and it becomes so strong we cannot break it.

Try to frequent the company of your betters in books and life. That is the most wholesome society.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

Money and time are the heavy burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

We must look downward as well as upward in human life. Though many have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind.

He who is conscious of his ignorance, viewing it in the light of misfortune, is more wise than one who mistakes superficial polish for real knowledge.

Try to be happy in this very present moment; and put not off being so to a time to come; as though that time should be of another make from this, which is already come, and is ours.

It is but little that the wisest of us can know or the ablest of us can do. Modesty is becoming to all, and it is the handmaiden of truth; but neither truth nor modesty requires us to shun any knowledge, however small. Let us rather welcome it gladly, only endeavoring to add to it with every opportunity, and to hold it simply at its real worth.

"E Pluribus Unum" on our Coins.

"Did you know that the words E Pluribus Unum, which have appeared on different United States coins, and are on the standard silver dollar, were never authorized to be so placed by law?" asked a numismatist of a New York *Sun* reporter.

"No. When were they first used?"
"In 1786. There was no United States mint then, but there was a private one at Newburg, and the motto of the United States was first placed on a copper coin struck at that mint. A very few collections have specimens of this coin. They are very valuable. In 1787 a goldsmith named Brasher coined a piece which was known as the sixteen-dollar gold piece, and the motto, placed in this form, 'Unum E Pluribus,' was stamped upon it. The coin is worth to-day \$2,000, and only four are known to be in existence. In 1787 the motto also appeared on various copper coins of the State of New Jersey.

"A great many of our early coins, before there was any legal authority for national coinage here, were made in England. The State of Kentucky had some peculiar copper coins which were minted in England in 1701, and bore the national motto. The United States mint was established in 1792, but the use of the motto on any of the gold, silver, or copper coins was not authorized or directed by any of the provisions of the act establishing it. The motto had not appeared on any of our coins since 1837, until the standard silver dollar was coined. It remained on our early gold and silver coins until 1834, when it was omitted from the gold coins. In 1836 it was dropped from twenty-five-cent pieces, and the following year from all silver coins."

The Dude and the President.

In one of the Western Territories the people have a governor whom the people call a dude. Being governor of the Territory of course he never saw his principality until he went out to assume the reins of power. It is one of the attractive features of our system of governing the Territories that no one shall be appointed chief executive who has grown up with the place. The consequence is that generally the governors are unpopular. But this one is particularly out of keeping with his surroundings. It offends the honest miner to see his fellowman wearing a short top coat, an English hat and a small—very small—silk umbrella. It hurts him to see him surround himself with pictures and other objects of art. And yet this governor of whom I speak, and whom some of my readers know very well, dresses and lives in this highly offensive manner. Last summer, when the President was in the West, he stopped to see this governor, and Mr. Arthur, at that time, looked a good deal more like a resident of the frontier town than the governor did. When the President was leaving, and just as he was getting on his train, a liberal minded miner approached him and said: "Look here, general," and then he pointed at the governor over his shoulder with his thumb and winked, "why don't yer send us a cologne bottle?" At first the President looked at the man very sternly, but after he got into the car he looked out of the window for some time, and after studying the governor closely, glanced at the miner and smiled.

A Change in Their Habits.

A Senator gossiping the other night of old times in Washington—twenty-five years ago—said the striking change that has come over Congress is in the habits of individual Senators and members. In those days, he said, there were always several Representatives who were drunk every day on the floor of the House. It was not then considered disgraceful for Senators and members to appear in that condition. The Senator did not say it, but I think the change for the better must be attributed very largely to the newspapers. When a Senator or member makes a spectacle of himself by public drunkenness, as still happens in rare cases, the fact gets printed all over the country, and very quickly, too. The State or district from whence the offender comes hears that it has been disgraced, and it begins to think of sending somebody else to Washington to represent it. I remember one public man whom I succeeded in curing of the vice, so far as public exhibitions of it go, by administering a little of this healthy medicine of publicity. Any Senator or member who will appear in a drunken condition at the capitol or at the hotels of the city deserves to have the fact immediately blazoned from Maine to Texas.—*Washington Capital*

Arlington Advocate

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.
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CHARLES S. PARKER,
Editor and Proprietor.
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Arlington, Jan. 4th, 1884.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents.
Special Notices, " " " 15 " "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 " "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 " "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

THE NEW YEAR.
To-day we issue No. 1, Vol. XIII., and enter upon another year of journalistic life hoping, of course, for fifty-two weeks of health for self and family and prosperity in our business ventures, yet content to receive that which shall be our portion, provided the event in each case has come after earnest, patient endeavor to be faithful to trusts imposed and to perform our part well. We believe that in the past we have been actuated by a higher motive than the mere getting of dollars and cents, and we are much mistaken if the welfare and prosperity of the town and its advancement to the highest plane of moral excellence has not had something to do with the shaping the course and fixing the tone of each issue of our paper. Naturally of a hopeful disposition and sanguine temperament, the editor has sometimes been impatient with the progress made toward what all good citizens will acknowledge a desirable state of affairs in the town, and there is with us to-day a feeling of disappointment that things are not better in many respects. But the town's most bitter enemy will be forced to acknowledge that for several years there has been an advancement toward a better state of affairs, and the citizen who will investigate will find there is cause for self congratulation at the present state of public sentiment in regard to town government, the management of its affairs, and also on the great moral question of the time.
During the coming year we shall labor to secure the best good to the town. Whatever is praiseworthy we shall commend in no uncertain terms, and what is wrong we shall speak of in the words, and with the motive, of a true friend; and whenever occasion calls, wrong doing or neglect of duty will receive its deserved rebuke.
Once again we solicit aid in increasing the circulation of our paper, and this we do all the more readily because it is such an easy matter for one friend to induce another to become a subscriber. We will gladly send specimen copies to any address, and will furnish special numbers if desired where the edition is not entirely exhausted.
Our printing rooms have been remodeled during the past month, materially increasing our capacity for doing job printing in all its forms, including catalogue and book printing in the very best manner, and we shall add to our already very large assortment of job type as new styles are issued from the foundries, and the business demands. Friends are invited to call, and the general public is assured a cordial welcome to our rooms in Swan's Block, Arlington, at any and all times in business hours (or out of them if occasion requires) during this new year 1884.
A Correspondent of the New York Sun gives some very interesting facts in regard to the colored people of Washington who number 65,000. They enjoy all the social and political rights the law can give them without protest or annoyance, but in society the color line is rigidly drawn. No colored family, no matter what their wealth or influence is received by the whites upon an equality. Many of them there live elegantly, and are people of culture and intelligence, but nothing can permit them to pass over this line. This sort of prejudice seems to be so thoroughly ground into the nature that it is likely to endure for many generations yet and perhaps always. However it seems no bar to the acquirement of wealth and of political recognition.
The annual meeting of the Boston & Lowell R. R. corporation was held in the depot at Boston on Wednesday, and the old board of officers was re-elected for the ensuing year. The attendance was small, though a large share of the stock was represented.
The Red Ribbon Reform Club of Massachusetts meet in reunion with the Club at Waltham, on Wednesday, Jan. 16th. The founder of these organizations, Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, will probably visit this section next month.
Mr. R. W. Hilliard's insurance agency, at No. 2 Swan's Block, Arlington, has given out a large number of handsome calendars for 1884. Make him a call and secure one now.

NEW STATE GOVERNMENT.
This week has witnessed the inauguration of a new State government, the first act in the change being the meeting of the Legislature on Wednesday; administration of the oath by Gov. Butler to representatives and senators assembled; the election of Hon. Geo. A. Bruce as President of the Senate—Hon. George A. Marden, speaker of the House, and other minor officers necessary to complete an organization;—the parade through the slush and rain (under escort of Co. D, 9th Regt.) of the Governor and Legislature to the church where Rev. Dr. Miner preached a remarkable election sermon.
A singular feature of this opening day was the vote in both branches of the Legislature for presiding and other officers, the vote being practically unanimous in every instance,—a high and deserved compliment to Mr. Marden for efficient services in the same position last year, and an expression of confidence towards Senator Bruce that must be highly gratifying to him and his friends.
On Thursday Hon. George D. Robinson, having the day previously resigned his seat in Congress, appeared before the Legislature, took the oath of office and delivered his inaugural address as Governor of Massachusetts. The day was in remarkable contrast from its predecessor, a clear sky, bright sunlight and keen, bracing air making it a model winter day in every respect. Every seat was occupied and the grand address of our honored first citizen was listened to with the closest attention.
A New Morning Star.
Our adult readers will all remember the building and equipping a vessel to be used in carrying forward the missionary work among the islands of the Pacific Ocean about twenty years ago; that the same was wrecked and then replaced by a larger vessel which has been actively engaged for the last thirteen years in its mission work. The vessel was built by contributions from the Sunday schools of our land, and now that the natural growth of the work calls for a larger vessel, the managers naturally turn to the schools once more. The Morning Star now in use is a sailing vessel, but as this missionary field abounds in calms and shifting ocean currents, great delays and many perils are often encountered, and in this day of steam there seems to be no good reason why the Gospel should wait for wind and favoring tide; consequently the plan proposed embraces a steam and sailing vessel which shall be equal to any emergency. The cost of this vessel will not be far from \$45,000, and every Sunday scholar in the land is invited to take shares in it.
We might give more of the details of this enterprise, but Capt. Isaiah Bray, who commands the Morning Star, will be present at the Pleasant Street Congregational church, Arlington, next Sunday evening and explain the whole matter fully as well as give, as he is so abundantly able, an interesting account of the work among the people of the Micronesian Islands who have so recently taken their places among the civilized and enlightened peoples of the earth. The service is free and open to all and a cordial invitation is extended by Dr. Mason and the officers of his church. The service will be at seven o'clock, in the body of the church.
The January number of the Wide Awake is peculiarly attractive in its illuminated title page, into which is introduced a charming moonlight winter scene and a sport about which all have heard and Canadians enjoy so much. Within these bright covers, however, are the real treasures of the opening number of the year, the briefest catalogue of which would occupy considerable space. The contributors embrace Mrs. Whitney, Rev. E. E. Hale, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Elbridge S. Brooks, and others, and their contributions cover the widest range of incident and story in verse and prose. The illustrations maintain the high place taken long ago, and are gems in many respects, especially Esop's Fable, "The Hare and the Tortoise." This charming monthly for young folks is published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, at \$2.50 a year.
According to the official reports, insanity is noticeably increasing in New York. The asylums contain a much larger number of patients than they did at the close of last year. Dr. St. John Roosa expresses the conviction that a leading cause of this increase is that life in the great cities is too hurried, and consequently too wearing on the mental faculties. Dr. Frank Hamilton is of opinion that "it is one of the natural results of our fast civilization and of foolish attempts to develop the mind, while comparatively little attention is paid to the condition of the body."
Next week is to be observed throughout Protestant Christendom as the "Week of Prayer." Special services will be held in some of our churches during the week.

LIBRARY NOTES.
Through the kindness of the editor of the Advocate, there will be published each week, under this heading, notes upon some of the newer books in Arlington Public Library. These notes are written or selected by Miss M. P. James, librarian of the Newton Free Library, and are intended to give readers a better idea of the nature of the books mentioned than can be obtained from catalogues and lists of additions.
J. P. P.
Bishop, W. H.: Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces; A Journey in Mexico, Southern California, Arizona, etc. 59.30
"The author has produced an unique volume of travels. He describes the people, the country, its scenery, customs, ruins, its many picturesque and beautiful buildings, and its present condition politically, in a most fascinating and thorough manner.
Brooks, Phillips. Sermons preached in English Churches. 514.21
"The sermons collected in the present volume are fourteen in number, and with a single exception they have the freshness of having been preached as late as May, June and July of 1883."
Campbell, H. The American girl's Home Book of Work and Play. 59.27
"As yet, though boys are provided for, girls have no book that will be a trustworthy guide, either in work or play; and it is hoped that the present one will fill that 'long unoccupied niche' which many authors have felt it their mission to redeem from emptiness, and become the trusted friend and adviser of all the girls who are uncertain what is best in work or play."
Eggleston, E.: The Hoosier School Boy. 1211.31
"Depicts some of the characteristics of boy-life years ago on the Ohio, and presents a vivid picture of the difficulties which in those days beset the path of youth aspiring for an education."
Reade, A. A. Study and Stimulants; or the Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in Relation to Intellectual Life, as illustrated by Personal Communications on the Subject from Men of Letters and of Science. 58.19
"What is the real influence of stimulants and narcotics upon the brain? What has been the experience of those engaged in intellectual work? The problem has for years exercised my thoughts, and with the hope of arriving at data which would be trustworthy and decisive, I entered upon an inquiry among the representatives of literature, science and art in Europe and America."
Jan. 4, 1884.
The Musical Herald begins the year with a change in size of page, and a slight alteration in its list of editors, Mr. George E. Whiting and Wm. F. Sherwin replacing other less familiar names in musical circles. Mr. E. Tourjee remains its manager and his hand is seen on all its pages, keeping all to the high ideal he has set up. We like the change and new dress of the monthly and commend it to all our musical friends. The price is only \$1.00 a year.
The Art Interchange is a thoroughly practical, intelligible, inexpensive art journal. It is devoted to decorative, household, and pictorial art, home art work, literary and art news, and questions and answers. It is handsomely illustrated with leading examples of art, besides giving full-size working patterns of standard decorative designs, for the use of amateurs and professional art students, workers in ceramics, art needlework, and the kindred minor decorative arts.
The Globe of last Monday was made up largely of pictures of life in Boston a century ago, and it gave as a supplement a reprint of a paper of Jan. 1, 1784.
Baby Land comes to us this month with a charming colored title page. It is a gem for homes where there are quite young children.
Inventors requiring the services of reliable patent attorneys, soldiers entitled to back pay or bounties, and other parties having claims in any of the Departments or before Congress, will find it for their interest to correspond with Presbrey & Green, 529 7th street, Washington, D. C.
Stevens & Manchester make a specialty of wedding invitations, visiting, reception and correspondence cards. Call and examine samples at 37 West street, Boston.
No cure! No pay! Dr. Lawrence's Cough Balsam, when once used, takes the place of all others. See our advertising columns.
The rain of Wednesday gave us fine skating on lakes and ponds. The boys and girls enjoyed it.
Read what E. J. Raymond says in another column.

MERITORIOUS.—Pearl's White Glycerine makes the skin clear, pure, soft and white; is harmless and delightful to use and at once effective. Throw away your cosmetics and ask your druggist for Pearl's White Glycerine.
The following from Mr. E. J. Raymond, of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express Company, 78 Church Street.
Messrs. Lewis & Co.
Gentlemen—You ask me what effect Lewis' "Red Jacket Bitters" has had in my case. In answer will say, that for the last eighteen months I have been chock full of malaria, as you well know. I have employed different physicians without avail, and was taking from fifteen to eighteen grains of quinine daily when I began the use of the "Red Jacket Bitters." I have now used four bottles of the Bitters, and am for the first time in eighteen months strong and well. They are worth their weight in gold.
Yours truly,
E. J. RAYMOND.
Marriages.
In Arlington, January 1, by Rev. C. H. Spalding, of Boston, Arthur H. Richardson and Miss Cora D. Green, both of Arlington.
In Arlington, Dec. 31, by Rev. J. P. Forbes, at his residence on Academy street, Mr. Horatio A. Phinney, of Cambridge, and Miss Georgie W. daughter of F. S. Frost, Esq. of Arlington.
In Lexington, Dec. 26, by Rev. C. A. Staples, Mr. Alvah W. Clark, of Boston, and Miss Adelle C. Hadley, of East Lexington.
Flowers for weddings.
Wm. J. Dinsmore, North Cambridge.
BOOK KEEPING.
The subscriber purposes opening a night school at his residence Independence St., East Lexington.
Young men and ladies desirous of obtaining a knowledge of Book Keeping are requested to address or call before the 10th inst.
WM. KIDSBON.
C. H. Crane
will sell at his place on Arlington Avenue, Arlington, one Two-seated, very roomy SLEIGH, One SINGLE SLEIGH.
One TOP BUGGY.
One HORSE TIP CART,
all second hand, but in good order.
Come early and avoid the rush.
Flowers for funerals,
Dinsmore, Florist, North Cambridge.
Geo. F. Blake Manufacturing Co.
Invite the attention of farmers and others requiring water for irrigating purposes and domestic supply, to their
Improved Steam Pumps, which are
SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION
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Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
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FURNISHED AT THE
Lowest Market Prices.
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DEALER IN
COALS, WOOD, HAY,
LIME, CEMENT, Etc.,
YARDS AND OFFICES:
Arlington Heights and Lexington.
Orders left at M. Rowe's Grocery Store, Arlington Avenue, and at East Lexington Post Office will receive prompt attention.
Address, P. O. Box 175, Arlington.
Telephone 6815.
For the HOLIDAYS!
CASSIUS M. HALL,
GROCER,
PLEASANT ST., ARLINGTON,
Has in stock a fine variety of
Holiday Goods,
Canned Goods.
We make a specialty of Arlington Wheat Meal and Arlington Wheat Meal Biscuit.
Fruits and Confectionery.
N. B.—Finding that closing at 7 o'clock does not accommodate a number of our customers, after Monday, November 30th, 1883, we shall keep open evenings until 8 o'clock.
A. P. SMITH,
Receiver of
Fine Butter.
Visits Arlington every Monday. Persons desiring fresh packages of finest butter can be supplied by addressing
Box 226, 15 June 18, Lexington.
CHARLES T. WEST,
INSURANCE AGENT,
LEXINGTON, MASS.
Office at W. A. Peirce's Coal Yard.
Insurance effected in Mutual and Stock Companies as desired. Personal attention to all kinds of insurance business.
Oct 25-17

THE YEAR 1884
IS JUST AT HAND.
Special Inducements Offered for Subscribers
TO THE
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Price, \$2.00 a year.
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Philad'a Press, " 2.75
Chicago News, " 2.75
Boston Journal, " 3.00
Yankee Blade, " 3.00
Scientific Am'n " 4.00
Our Little Ones, " 3.00
Specimen Copies of the above can be seen at this office.
A subscription can commence at any time, but it is better for all concerned that it should begin with the new year.
Apply to or address
CHARLES S. PARKER,
Editor and Publisher.
Publication Office No. 2 Swan's Block, Arlington.
The Winter Season is Here in Force,
and as usual we are fully prepared with seasonable goods, at lowest prices. Our stock of Fresh Meats is the best the market affords, including
Beef, Fresh Pork, Turkeys, Geese,
Lamb, Sausage, Chickens, Fowls.
Game of any kind if ordered.
Vegetables.—Celery, Lettuce, Parsley, Mint, Cape Turnips, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Squash, Sweet Potatoes, E. R. Potatoes, Cabbage, Cape Cod Cranberries.
Canned Goods.—We have stocked our store with a first class line of CANNED GOODS. Give us a call before you purchase elsewhere. Our Tomatoes and Green Corn canned especially for our trade and we warrant every can. Peas, String Beans, Lima Beans, Blueberries, Asparagus, Squash, Lobster.
Florida Oranges, Lemons, Malaga Grapes, Raisins, Figs, Dates and Nuts of all kinds.
C. & B. Pickles, Blue Cross Pickles, Worcestershire Sauce, Halford Sauce, Capers, Horse Radish, Pepper Sauce, Honey, Mustard. We also make a specialty of
BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD and EGGS.
We have started a branch store at Arlington Heights, where we intend to keep the same line of goods we do at our Pleasant street store. We thank the public for past patronage, and hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a generous share of the public trade.
WINN & PIERCE, Pleasant St. Market.
Leonard A. Saville,
GROCER,
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GOODS FOR THANKSGIVING, CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS.
Fruits, Nuts, Confectionary and Fancy Goods.
CANNED GOODS, GREAT VARIETY,
All Standard and Staple Groceries and a large assortment of goods usually found in a well stocked grocery store.
PRICES AS LOW AS THE QUALITY OF THE GOODS WILL ADMIT
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
Automatic Blind Fixtures, Wire Netting, Norton's Door Checks, Nails
Screws, Hinges, Sheathing Paper, Tools, Roofing Cement, Scissors, Brass and Iron Tacks, Chains, Bolts and Harness Goods.
Flag Colors 90 cents. Packing Trunks \$1.50. Heaviest Trace Chains 75 cents per pair. Zinc Trunk \$2.75. Prison Harnesses, hand sewed, \$20.00. Hill's Carriage Harness \$25.00
And all other goods in the harness and hardware line at prices guaranteed as low as can be found in Boston.
LYMAN LAWRENCE, Main Street, Lexington
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GEO. W. ROBINSON, President.
ROOM: TOWN HALL BUILDING.
OPEN FOR BUSINESS:
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ARLINGTON & BOSTON
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OFFICES: 13 COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.
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Leave Arlington at 9 A. M.; Boston at 2 P. M.

Temperance Department.

THE GIANT STRIDES OF THE GREAT CURSE.

It was not many years ago, that lager beer was almost unknown in America. Its manufacture was commenced in Philadelphia, we believe, not more than thirty years ago, and for years it had a very slender hold upon the American people. The enormous influx of Germans into the country, gave the manufacture an impetus, the American and Irish population commenced drinking it, and its use was for a time encouraged, as it was believed that it would be a substitute for the more potent whiskey.

Ten or fifteen years ago the business of brewing got out of the hands of those who introduced it and was taken hold of by the shrewdest business men in the country, who saw the possibilities of a great trade in it. Since that time the trade has changed entirely, both as to the beer itself and the methods of selling it. Then the brewer made as much beer as he could sell in the natural way, and was content. He made, also, a good, sound beer of malt and hops, and gave it sufficient age to make it something near healthful, and it was then probably the least injurious of all malt liquors. It is quite another thing now. Very much of the beer sold to-day contains other material than hops and malt, and it is put upon the market almost universally before it is fit to enter the human stomach. It is not brewed as formerly—in the winter for consumption in the summer—the mill grinds now perpetually, and the beer of Monday morning is on the market just as soon as there is a demand for it, and the brewer works night and day to make that demand as large as possible. It is perfectly safe to say that 90 per cent. of the beer drunk now-a-days is unfit for use because of its newness, to say nothing of the terrible adulterations of materials in its manufacture. Chemical science has made cheap the brewing of beer, and science is cutting off the threads of life of the beer-drinkers with a rapidity that is frightful. There is no regular beer-drinker who does not carry in him the seeds of death.

The profit in beer is so enormous that every brewer has converted himself into an apostle of intemperance. Men are not permitted to choose whether they will drink beer or not. If not compelled to drink it they are enticed into its use. The business has come to be aggressive. The business of drunkard making has come to be one that has its regular methods, the same as dry goods, groceries and hardware. The brewer, to sell his product, makes it the chief business of his life to educate men and boys into its consumption. The brewer first canvasses his city and finds where beer shops are not. He finds a neighborhood which has no beer shop, and whose inhabitants do not want one because they do not drink it. That matters not to him. He finds him a man who is willing to take the position of first lieutenant in this army of the devil, and establishes him in the business. The brewer rents the rooms, furnishes the counters, the chairs, the pool tables and the cards, the whisky, which is a necessary adjunct, and the beer, which is the main point. The man in charge then sets about the education of the people into the use of beer. It is a natural thing for the men of a neighborhood to gather somewhere, and the place is selected with this end in view. They do gather there, they cannot stay without drink, and once a sufficient number in the habit of coming there, the work is done. The brewer has got his customers. He is selling so many kegs a day. Boys and men alike are welcome to the place; private rooms are kindly provided for those who desire privacy, and the hellish game goes on. The character of the neighborhood changes at once, not slowly and imperceptibly, but immediately. Inspired by the coldest-blooded kind of avarice, impelled by the peculiar American fever for getting rich rapidly, this business has changed from a questionable, though comparatively harmless, nuisance into a positive, aggressive evil. The beer-shop has changed from a modest evil to an aggressive terror. It was once the place in which to complete the ruin of men—it is now the author and finisher of men's ruin. It was once the place where men naturally weak and vicious went for solace or forgetfulness, it has become an octopus with its myriad of arms reaching out in all directions for victims, and pulling them in whether or no. Brewers are now equipping saloons and commissioning saloon-keepers, and every saloon must sell so much beer per day to keep its place, and as there are not enough ready-made drinkers, they make them. It is through this infernal agency system, this recruiting service, that the sale of beer has mounted up in the United States from thousands to millions. It is this terrible system of fitting new stomachs for the consumption of beer that has given Toledo, a city of 70,000 population, 800 beer-shops. It is this forcing system in the manufacture and consumption of beer that is compelling the States to double, treble, and quadruple the extent of their jails, penitentiaries, and almshouses. It is this forcing system that gives pawnbrokers their business and keeps the Police Courts busy. It is this infernalism that is slowly but very surely undermining the health of the American people, and lessening their moral and physical strength. It is this system of forcing that is rearing a generation of drunkards, a generation of slaves to the saloons.

The forcing system does not end with

the cities. The agents of the brewer scour the country. If there is a country village happily without beer, he establishes the plague-spot at once. If there is a cross-road with a neighborhood that has for a generation been happily exempt from its curse, one is immediately planted. Along the lines of the new railroads the first thing visible after the establishment of a station is the sign "Lager Beer." It precedes progress.

The beer-power is the enemy of civilization, of good morals and good order. The schools cannot educate as rapidly as it can degrade. It is the fountain-head of vice, the source of poverty, and the beginning of everything that is bad. What good the efforts of good men and women to make mankind better so long as this vast power is permitted to counteract their efforts and to undermine their influence? What good schools and reformatories with this vast power creating crime even faster than it can be restrained and punished? What good to turn boys out of schools with this power with its outstretched arms to receive them?

The worst opponent the reformatories of the day have to contend with is the brewer and his lieutenants. They have a money interest in beer, while men who do good do it at their own expense. Beer has the best of it.

Is this demoralizing process to go on for ever? Is the country to be given over to these tortures of malt and hops? Is this swash of beer to widen and broaden till it overpreads the whole country? It is for the sober people of the country to say.—Toledo Blade.

CARY LIBRARY.

Books added Dec. 29th.

Biography.

Eddy, Col. Jonathan, Memoir of. J. W. Porter. 1595
Heroes of Literature. English Poets. J. Dennis. 12142
Judson, Adoniram, Life of. E. Judson. 14100
My Reminiscences, 2 Vols. Lord Ronald Gower. 1596
Queens of England, Young Folks' History of. 3 Vols. R. Kaufman. 11195
Story of my Heart. The. R. Jefferies. 11196
Victorian Authors, Earlier. L. Nohl. 12143
Washington, Young Folks' Life of. E. E. Brown. 12144
Whittier, John Greenleaf, A Biography. F. H. Underwood. 13167

Fiction.

Ambitious Woman, An, E. Fawcett. 53187
Asheldon Schoolroom, The. F. M. Peard. 52184
Beyond the Gates. E. S. Phelps. 52186
Bonnyvale Vane. J. E. Cooke. 52185
Boy Knights, The, A Tale of the Crusades. G. A. Henry. 52187
Christmas in a Palace, E. E. Hale. 52188
Friar Hildebrand's Cross. M. A. Paull. 53188
Grey Hawk, Edited by J. Macaulay. 53189
Guenn. B. W. Howard. 53190
Home and School. M. Bramston. 52189
Jose and Benjamin, A Tale of Jerusalem in the time of the Herods. Professor F. Delitzsch. 52190
Jovinian. W. H. G. Kingston. 51227
Little Schoolmaster Mark, The. J. H. Shorthouse. 52191
Mate of the Daylight, The. S. O. Jewett. 51228
"Not my Way," or Good out of Evil. T. M. Browne. 53193
Only a Girl, A Tale of Brittany. C. A. Jones. 52192
Queen's Body Guard, The. M. Vandegrift. 53191
Rossmoyne. M. Angles. 53192
School Girls all the World over. 52193
Story for the School Room, A. 52194
Tempest Tossed. 52195
Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill. J. T. Trowbridge. 51226
True Tales for my Grandsons. Sir Samuel W. Baker. 53194
Two Little Waifs. Mrs. Molesworth. 52196
Unac the Indian. H. Frith. 52197
Vagabondia. F. H. Burnett. 53195
Wearyholme. E. S. Holt. 53196
Woman's Reason, A. W. D. Howells. 53197
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A NEW NOVEL, BY GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., entitled "The Cavalier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.
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LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass. at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 9.20, a.m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 9.20, a.m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 9.20, a.m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.20, 1.35, 2.45, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.15, 11.30 p.m. Return at 6.20, 7.00, 7.25, 7.58, 8.21, 10.30, 10.45, 11.10, 11.30. Return at 6.20, 7.05, 7.35, 8.05, 8.20, 9.07, 9.40, 10.54, a.m.; 1.28, 2.21, 4.17, 5.25, 6.58, 8.17, 11.28, 11.50 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.20, 1.35, 2.45, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.15, 11.30 p.m. Return at 6.20, 7.00, 7.25, 7.58, 8.21, 10.30, 10.45, 11.10, 11.30. Return at 6.20, 7.05, 7.35, 8.05, 8.20, 9.07, 9.40, 10.54, a.m.; 1.28, 2.21, 4.17, 5.25, 6.58, 8.17, 11.28, 11.50 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR West Somerville at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.20, 1.35, 2.45, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.15, 11.30 p.m. Return at 6.20, 7.00, 7.25, 7.58, 8.21, 10.30, 10.45, 11.10, 11.30. Return at 6.20, 7.05, 7.35, 8.05, 8.20, 9.07, 9.40, 10.54, a.m.; 1.28, 2.21, 4.17, 5.25, 6.58, 8.17, 11.28, 11.50 p.m.

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THE SNOW-STORM.

The old earth lying bare and cold,
Beneath the winter sky,
Behold the storm-king marshal forth
His battle force on high.
"Ah! soon," she said, "beneath the snow
I'll warmly I shall lie."

The wind unfurled his banners
And rushed into the fray,
The round moon hid her jolly face
Within a cloud of gray,
And not one single star peeped out
To drive the gloom away.

The snow, encamped behind a cloud,
Sent flying, here and there,
Its white-winged heralds to proclaim
Its presence in the air;
Until, at last, the fairy host
Burst from its cloudy lair.

The snow flakes, rushing downward,
Each in a whirling dance,
Before the winds are driven
Like armies by the lance,
But still, upon the waiting Earth,
The shining hosts advance.

The wild wind, shrieking as he goes,
Flies fiercely to and fro,
And strives, with all his mighty force,
To sweep away the snow.
But bravely still the soft flakes fall
Upon the Earth below.

All white and swift it settles down,
Though Boreas howl and storm,
Till soft as summer's green the robe
It folds about her form;
No dia, ever of leaf and flower
Could make the Earth so warm.

It charges with no battle-cry;
But pure, and soft, and still,
It falls upon the waiting Earth,
Its promise to fulfill.
And foils the angry, shrieking wind
By force of gentle will.

The foe has furled his banners,
And hastened from the fray,
The round moon peeps with jolly face
From out the cloud of gray;
And all the stars come twinkling out
To see who gained the day.

There all the earth lay shining,
In garments pure and white;
The snow fulfilled its mission,
And, conquering in the fight,
Had warmed the old Earth to the heart,
Beneath its mantle white.
—Royal and Barr Hill, in St. Nicholas.

A STORY OF ARTEMUS WARD

RELATED BY HOWARD PAUL.

I remember the late Albert Smith, who was one of the staff of the London *Punch*, once telling a group of men, who were standing with him at the Garrick club, that before he gave his first entertainment, The Overland Mail, in London, and risking the flat of a metropolitan audience, he determined a trial-trip in the provinces to note the effect of his quips upon a less cultivated and exigent public. He settled upon the market town in Surrey, and his bold, bright announcements, full of promise and pictorially embellished, populated the reserved seats and respectfully filled the hall. Thus far all was well. He began his lecture, and kept his vigilant eye on a respectable old gentleman, who was accompanied by three young ladies, all of whom sat near the platform.

The lecturer received in cold and solemn silence; and, without unnecessary preliminaries, he at once plunged easily into his subject, rattling it off as only Albert Smith in his fresh, fluent young days could have done. Some of the audience now and then uttered, one or two got as far as a laugh, but the stately old country gentleman, with the three daughters, preserved a quiet dignity and heard the entertainment from end to end without the semblance of a smile.

The genial, effervescent Albert feared that his "Overland Mail" was not the roystering success he fondly hoped it would prove, and as the people were groping their way out of the ill-lighted little hall into the gloom and rain of a winter's night, he approached the old gentleman and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but how did you like my entertainment? I am most anxious to know your opinion."

"Sir," replied the old gentleman, buttoning up his great-coat and drawing himself up with an imperative air of importance, "it was a very pleasant lecture, indeed, and had it been less serious, and treated in a different spirit, I have no doubt my family would have enjoyed it very much. Good night, sir."

Albert was appalled. His jokes had all missed fire and had been unquestionably misunderstood. It was clear that his style of fun was not adapted to the provincial mind. It was obvious that he must revise his entertainment, or bombard the Londoners with his jests. He chose the latter alternative, and for very many years his "show," as he delighted to call his representations, was one of the fashionable attractions of the great metropolis.

I was relating this incident one day to Artemus Ward, and insisting on the theory that what suits the town will not always hit the mark in the country. He protested that he was quite of my opinion—"only more so"—and then he proceeded to illustrate his conviction by this little anecdote:

"Before I ventured to storm the big cities," said he, "I thought I'd take a modest turn in some of the towns and villages up through New York State, and I settled to begin at an outside place called Goshen, a great cheese and butter depot. My agent was an adroit advertising fiend, named John P. Smith, who stuck at nothing as far as printer's ink was concerned, and was a bit of a wag in his way. He promised to do his level best to make the lecture a success. We put up at the principal inn and distributed a hat full of free tickets, so as to be sure of a decent crowd in the hall. Well, everything was in readiness; and, at the last moment, I sent for Smith, who was so 'tend door.' I said, 'John, I feel shaky and nervous, and I wish, after the people get well in, you'd give me a hand now and then to start 'em on.'"

"Leave it to me," said Smith encouragingly. "I've fixed all that."

"I followed my agent's advice," continued Artemus, "and presented myself to the expectant public. I was rigged out in a white vest and tie, and looked as insipid as a boiled fowl. I didn't get

a hand. Smith was too busy collecting the tickets to look after my entrance, so my send-off was not stimulating. I began my lecture in a slow, measured tone of voice, and you might have heard a cannon drop, or the stealing of a pocket-handkerchief. At any rate, they were attentive, I thought; so I let off in due course what I considered a joke. They didn't take it. I paused, then went on. By and by I let off another—same result; then another; and Smith, who had got through his ticket collecting and inserted himself among the people, began to applaud lustily.

"My experience of sympathetic city audiences had previously suggested that when some one boldly and bravely leads off the applause, others usually follow, but at Goshen this habit does not obtain. A man well up in front cried, 'Silence! Hish!'"

"Again I proceeded, and told them a story that many a time and oft I had related with screaming success in private circles. Smith this time set up a terrific guffaw, stamped and clapped his hands and rocked backward and forward, as though he was utterly overcome by my humor. The audience were not to be lured into following his example.

"Silence!" shouted one.

"Don't interrupt the speaker!" howled another.

"Turn him out!" roared a third.

"And half the audience rose to see who had caused what they thought an unseemly and riotous interruption to the evening's proceedings. A farmer-looking man near Smith had a thick stick in his hand and a menacing look in his eye. I thought he meant business, and would go for him. I came to a dead standstill, and my agent saw his opportunity. He leaped on one of the empty forms and proceeded to address the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," shrieked he, "I am a free and enlightened citizen of this glorious Republic, and I claim the proud privilege of enjoying Mr. Artemus Ward's anecdotes. When I enjoy anything I laugh out loud, and when I laugh I make a noise. I cast no reflection on you, my fellow-citizens, but it's clear to me your heads are too thick for Mr. Ward's stories to penetrate. I—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the confusion that followed.

"Out with him!"

"Who is he?"

"Hi! Hi! Pitch him into the pond!"

"Dry up!"

And hundreds of similar observations rent the air. I pantomimed to Smith to withdraw. He obeyed; and, peace being restored, I proceeded. This episode rather amused me, and I fell into my best vein. I told them anecdote after anecdote, story after story, and fired off a fusillade of crisp and biting jests. It was no use, I could not for the soul of me rouse them to any outward expressions of appreciation or enjoyment. Then I felt vexed; at last I grew whimsically vicious in my despair. In for a penny, in for a pound, thought I; when I suddenly stopped, and, glaring defiantly at a certain man in the audience, I pointed at him with my index finger, and, looking at my watch, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, for three quarters of an hour I have been trying my hardest to dig a laugh out of you. Up to now I haven't succeeded. I don't wish to be personal, but if that man with the red hair and the long nose doesn't laugh soon, I shall stop this solemnity and go and hang myself."

The audience, who had passed over some mighty fine wheezes and a few well-constructed Joe Millers, regarded this allusion to the red-haired man with the long nose as a tremendous local joke which they thoroughly understood, and they simply set up a howl. It turned out that the victim of my daringly impertinent observation was a political tailor on the unpopular side of the house, who was in the habit of being violently chaffed at the town meetings. I had made a fluke—a hit—a grand and unexpected coup; and I wound up my lecture as quickly as possible, having secured, at any rate, one resonant, ringing outburst. It is true, I had not calculated on this combined result of audacity and accident; but I felt the audience had had something for their money, and had not left their homes entirely in vain. As they prepared to disperse I said:

"Oh, ladies and gentlemen, I forgot to mention that there is a key to this lecture, an explanatory second part, which I shall deliver this day three weeks in Washington. Any person who feels that he has not mastered my subject in its various details will be given a free ticket to Washington, in case he would like to attend. I may also say that I will be at the Buck hotel to-morrow up to 7:30 A. M., and anyone who wishes to confer with me in regard to the jokes I have perpetrated, I shall have great pleasure in explaining them and shedding any light on 'em in my power. And bear in mind, I make no extra charge for this."

The audience rolled out, chattering away, and my faithful J. P. Smith stood at the door to collect opinions.

"What did they seem to say?" I asked, when we got to the hotel and were totting up the receipts.

"Say," replied Smith, "well, I wouldn't like to repeat all I heard; but one man said he guessed you were laughing at them in your sleeve, and that you were a fraud, anyhow, and gently insinuated that the next time you visited Goshen you'd better have your life insured. Another man said you might be smart enough for some towns, but you wasn't up to the mark for Goshen."

"Here the landlord of The Buck joined us and asked us to participate in a cigar. He seemed a good-natured man, and I ventured to ask him what he thought of my lecture."

"Wal," said he, with crushing urbanity, and a frank expression danced into his honest blue eyes, "I didn't quite get a grip of what you were preachin' about. You see, I'm not much of a hand for shows and such like; but, by the great United States, when you p'inted out that ar red-headed rooster with the long beak—wal, I must say I thowt it were the best thing I ever heard in my life." —New York Mirror.

The Eddystone Light of the Pacific is to be erected on Seal Rock, St. George's Reef, eight miles from the shore, opposite Crescent City, Cal., and will cost \$400,000. The highest point of Seal Rock is fifty-four feet above mean tide. The light will be 100 feet higher.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Professor Dudley, of Cincinnati, has found a way to plate with iridium, which will not tarnish.

The earth is 746 times smaller than Saturn, and its mean distance from us is over 91,000,000 miles.

A recent official report says that the mercury in South Australia often rises in summer to 115 degrees in the shade, and this has been exceeded on several occasions.

The bitter taste which housewives often complain of in bread and biscuit, and often lay at the fault of the flour, is most always caused by the yeast being used in excess, or too large a quantity of baking powder being used or the latter being of poor quality.

A French savant says that he believes the action of rolls for grinding wheat is better calculated to preserve intact the cells of the interior of the wheat berry than the action of stones, which disorganize the cells by their tearing action instead of disintegrating them.

A medical writer has lately penned a paragraph full of warning to men in trade. He justly ridicules the common practice of persons engaged in commerce of pretending to be in great haste and terribly pressed for time at almost every moment of the day, running, so to speak, a close race perpetually, as it were, with the old mythological gentleman with the forelock. The house is overwhelmed with business, forsooth. By and by this pernicious practice becomes a confirmed habit, the fertile source of many nervous disorders.

A London paper thus describes a machine for feeding horses automatically, which has recently been invented. "The automatic horse-feeder is designed to feed any number of horses at regular times, whether an attendant is present or not. The feeder consists of two parts—a spout or chute fixed over the manger, into which the food is placed every night, and an apparatus of which a specially adapted clock forms a part. The clock may be set for any hour, and at the time indicated the whole or one-half of the food in the chute is liberated and falls into the manger. One apparatus and clock is sufficient for any number of horses, provided the stables are in a group."

What Trains are Worth.

But few persons, as they see one of the fast express trains flit by, are aware of the value of such a train, says a Philadelphia paper. What is known as the royal limited express over the Pennsylvania road, as the train is ordinarily made up, represents over \$120,000, as follows: Engine, \$12,000; baggage-car, \$1,200; smoking-car, \$5,000; dining-room-car, \$12,000; five elegant Pullman cars, \$18,000 each, \$90,000. While this may seem to be an exception, the ordinary express trains represent \$85,000 to \$85,000. The engine and tender, which are considered together, valued at \$10,500; the baggage-car, \$1,000; the postal-car, \$2,000; the smoking-car, \$5,000; two ordinary passenger cars, \$10,000 each, and three palace cars, \$15,000 each—total, \$83,000. This is a low rather than an excessive estimate of one of the fast expresses. The palace cars, put down at \$10,000, are in many cases worth \$18,000, and some Pullman cars are now run which cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000. It is stated that the average value of a freight train is still greater than a passenger train, when the rolling stock and value of property carried are included. Sometimes the freight on one of these through trains aggregates in value \$250,000 to \$300,000, and what is a little singular is the fact that the trains moving westward are more valuable than those moving eastward—a large per cent. of the west-bound business is merchandise of valuable machinery, while nearly fifty-five per cent. of the east-bound business is grain, which is carried in a car costing \$450, and the property carried will average \$400 per car, so that the entire train of twenty-five cars, engine included, are not worth over \$34,000 to \$35,000, while frequently one car-load of merchandise coming West will represent that value, and these palaces on wheels carrying thousands of passengers and the thousands of freight cars carrying millions of valuable property are dependent for safety upon one man—the engineer. There are other men—the conductor, baggage master, fireman, and three or four brakemen—but the hand upon the lever and the brain directing it have an immense responsibility.

Preferred His Whistling.

When Bouffe favored us with his company in the foyer of the Varieties—a rare occurrence—he generally regaled us with some good story picked up in the course of his long theatrical life; and one of these, the last I ever heard from his lips, I distinctly remember. He was strolling at Rouen, and on one of his off nights strolled into the theatre when Harold's Zampa was played. Among the actors was a new recruit, to whom, for some reason or other, the spectators had taken a strong dislike, and hissed him most unmercifully, until at last the poor fellow came forward and addressed the audience as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have a wife and three children, and if I had been fortunate to please you, should have earned a yearly salary of 1,800fr., which would have sufficed for us all. I do not dispute your right to reject me, but although my singing has not satisfied you, perhaps my whistling may." Thereupon he began to whistle a popular air with such perfection that the whole house was in raptures, and he was unanimously accepted on the express condition that, whatever vocal parts might in future be assigned to him, he should whistle instead of sing them. —Longman's Magazine.

His Share.

"Well, old fellow, I hear that your grandmother is dead." "Yes," replied "old fellow," somewhat sadly, "she died yesterday." "It is the way of the world. We must all die sometime, and the old lady was well advanced in years. She left a last will and testament, of course? I have understood that she was very wealthy." "Oh, yes, she left a will and testament," still more sadly. "You were always a favorite of hers. Your name was mentioned, of course?" "Yes," he replied, and here the tears began to stream down his cheeks, "my name was mentioned. I am to have the testament."

LADIES ON A COON HUNT.

PICTURESQUE NIGHT SCENE GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED.

How a Party of Maryland Young Ladies and Gentlemen Hunted the Gay and Festive Coon.

What! Young ladies on a coon hunt! The idea was preposterous. "Jest ter think of these yer wimmen folks a trapezin' bout de woods in de night time; don't b'leve in no sich foolishness," whispered Uncle Zeke, the champion coon-hunter of the neighborhood. So thought everybody else except the obdurate young ladies, who argued that as it was more or less a family party there was no impropriety in such a frolic. The discussion, which continued for nearly a half-hour, was carried on by an anxious mother, four young ladies, three young men and old Zeke, before the large kitchen fire-place, in which big oak logs were burning briskly, sending out a mellow light that outlined the figures in magnified shadows and formed some fantastic pantomimes on the opposite walls.

"Why, girls," said the mother, "who ever heard of young ladies going on a coon hunt?"

"That's just why we want to go," answered the one with brown hair.

"Well, then, if I can't persuade you out of this insanity, suppose you ask Uncle Zeke's opinion?"

Uncle Zeke had been a silent witness. His private opinion, chronicled above, had been expressed to the writer in an undertone. One of the young ladies, a veritable diplomat—crossed to where the old man was standing, laid her hand on the shoulder of his rusty coat, and smiling straight into his eyes, said:

"Now, Uncle Zeke, you're not going to decide against us, are you?"

To express it classically, this broke the old man all up. He backed down like a coward.

"I guess it won't do no harm for you to go," he said. "But you and the young men must keep together, and don't go nowhere only where I tell you."

The party, now numbering ten, got together, and by half past 8 o'clock had passed through the road gate and was making for the woods across the field. The dogs bounded over the ground yelping joyously. The colored boys hollered and ran helter skelter, playing leap frog and getting far in advance of the others. And all the time the ladies exclaimed: "Oh, my!" "Ain't this jolly!" and showered a perpetual torrent of questions on Uncle Zeke.

"Where's your gun?" they asked.

"We don't take no guns. There ain't no fun in shootin' coons. We kills 'em with clubs. You seed the sticks them young fellows had? Wait till they git at a coon, and you'll purty soon see how they kin get the best of him."

Zeke directed the boys to take the dogs to the fence corner near the branch road. "I seed a lot of half-eaten corn and some nibbled chestnuts round there to-day, and you kin depend upon it dare's a coon somewhere in the neighborhood."

The whole party met at the fence corner. The ladies were eager with excitement to press on with the hunt. The pine knots which the party carried were lighted. Three men were distributed among the party. Due advice was given to avoid muddy places.

"Now, go ahead!" shouted Zeke. The hunters and huntresses move forward. A queer torchlight procession it makes, the glare of the pine knots giving a lurid hue to the tall, leafless trees. The dogs bound forward, barking unceasingly, while the boys cry, "Hi, there!" "Go it, now!"

And on we go. The torch lights our pathway. Zeke is already in the lead. We follow after. In a short time we see the dogs under a large gum tree, barking furiously. The excitement grows intense. The noise of the dogs, the hubbub of the boys and the exclamatory furore of the young ladies combine into a small-sized pandemonium, which would scare an ordinary coon to death. Zeke assumes command. "Take care de ladies over dare, near de clump of cedars; an' keep 'em dare. Don't ye come under the tree, or ye might git hurt." The ladies were promptly removed to the reserved portion, where they have an excellent view of the operations. The torches indistinctly illuminated the tree. On one of the topmost boughs was seen a clumpy mass.

"Now, Jake," stentoriously cried Zeke, "climb de tree and shake de critter out!"

Off goes Jake's coat. He springs to the tree as if attacking a monster. Upward he mounts. He reaches the branches, pulls himself up and clings to the tree as if it was a ladder. He pauses.

"Uncle Zeke," he says; and the old man asks, "What's the matter?"

"Uncle Zeke, dare's two of 'em."

"Bless de Lawd," fervently exclaims the old man.

"Look out down dare, I se gwine to shake."

"Oh! ah! ugh!" utters a female voice; "don't shake over this way."

But the tree quivers. The branch with the clump moves violently. A second and the clump falls. A four-legged creature lights on the ground. In a twinkling there was a rush toward it. Men, dogs, clubs, and the snapping coon revolve together in active, yelling, whirling, yelping, rotary warfare. The women scream, the dogs bark, the men slash at the coon. The melee, the free, scrambling fight goes on savagely until a club descends plumply on the animal's head, and the corpse of an eighteen-pound coon is stretched upon the ground.

The men stopped to wipe the perspiration from their foreheads, and to regain their lost wind. The recess is short, and Zeke exclaims, "Now let the other feller come."

A good shake and the "other feller" does come. If Jove had sent one of his thunderbolts down through that tree he would not have produced a greater consternation than did that animal. The ladies saw a four-legged something drop. They saw it hit the ground and bound upward. They saw it glare its eyes and start toward them. Then they rent the air with hysterical screams, and four feminine forms flitted nimbly over logs, bushes and briars into the distance. It was a regular stampede.

But in the meantime the hunters intercepted the coon. They had the hardest time imaginable in getting it. Three

times it gained the bushes, only to be driven back by the dogs. Then, exhausted and baffled, it fell a prey to its enemies. Its weight was sixteen and a half pounds.

The routed female forces of the coon-hunting brigade were gotten together. Their flight had brought on nothing more serious than a genuine scare and a few briar scratches.

"When the old coon started toward us," said one, "it looked as big as an ox." But the dead animals reassured them of the success of our expedition, and their fears disappeared before the reawakened enthusiasm in the sport. Laughter came back. Songs were now sung, and general jollity prevailed while the party threaded its way homeward. The hunt had resulted in two dead coons and no mishaps to speak of. Who could want more?

"Ain't they beauties?" says Uncle Zeke, holding up the ring-tailed animals. "I tell ye, ladies and gentlemen, de best thing on dis side of paradise is baked corn, with sweet taters and pone bread, corn bread, and a little slice of pumpkin pie."

Before 11 o'clock we had arrived at the house.

"Don't forget what I told ye bout coon and pone bread," said Zeke, as he left for home. Yesterday the animals were served for dinner. Zeke is right. Coon, properly cooked, is good.—Letter in Baltimore American.

Exploring Africa.

The expedition of Dr. Holub, the African explorer, who has departed from Vienna for the Cape, will be divided into two parts, the first embracing Caffre territories in the east, while the second, if successful, will take the Austrian explorer across the dark continent from south to north. On leaving the civilized regions of South Africa, Dr. Holub will cross the different states and kingdoms between the Vaal river and the Zambesi, sojourning in the independent kingdoms of the Bechuana. There the doctor will return to her parents the native child whom he brought with him to Europe after his last expedition. She is an intelligent girl of fourteen, speaking French, English and German fluently.

Dr. Holub intends to make extensive astronomical observations between the rivers Vaal and Zambesi, those known hitherto being for the most part inaccurate. He will then explore the territory of the Maroutse, and will bestow special attention on the tombs of the kings. Another primary object he has in view is to try and induce some of the native kings to change the pursuits of their people, so that instead of living exclusively from the produce of the chase, they may begin to till the soil. He thus hopes to improve also the lot of their women, who are, at present, compelled to turn up the ground with hatchets and do all sorts of hard work with their hands. The men devote themselves to lighter occupation. Dr. Holub has taken with him a number of plows and farming implements to be distributed among the native tribes.

At the same time he will endeavor to persuade them to tame the elephants instead of killing them, and to use them as beasts of burden. The tsetse, a kind of poisonous fly, which in those parts attacks and kills horses and cattle, renders communication difficult. Elephants are the only animals which the tsetse does not molest. Dr. Holub hopes by such means to impart a stimulus to South African trade, which has hitherto been limited to ivory and ostrich feathers, and to add to it sugar-cane, coffee, rice and grain. As a proof of the instinctive good sense of some of these tribes, Dr. Holub mentions the fact that two kings, Montsoua, and Khama, with whom he is personally acquainted, do not permit the importation of alcohol in their dominions, and that any European who transgresses that law is punished.

The Dead Letter Office.

Four million three hundred and seventy-nine thousand one hundred and ninety-eight letters strayed into the dead letter office, Washington, during the last year; 3,346,357 of these were not called for at the postoffices to which they were sent; 78,865 were sent in from hotels because the departed guests had left no addresses for forwarding their mails; 175,718 were insufficiently paid; 1,345 contained forbidden articles, lottery tickets and the like; 280,137 were erroneously or illegitimately addressed; and 11,979 letters bore no address whatever. Of these letters 15,301 contained money amounting to \$32,647.23. Beside that, 18,095 letters contained drafts, checks, money orders, etc., to the amount of \$1,381,994.47. Moreover, 66,137 letters contained postage stamps, and 40,125 contained receipts, paid notes and canceled obligations of all sorts.

With this remarkable showing of more than \$1,000,000 gone wrong, too much cannot be said in caution to those who confide letters and packages to the mail. The money thus collected at the dead letter office is turned into the treasury. The goods and merchandise from the packages are sold at auction, and the Christmas and fancy cards are done up in packages and sent to the children's hospitals and the orphan asylums of this city.

A whole history of possible anguish and heart burnings is wrapped up in the collection of 35,160 photographs that came to the dead letter office in a year, and injured and resentful swains, and angered relatives and friends may know where some of their treasures have gone to. The photographs are preserved, and this portrait gallery of the postoffice department numbers up into the millions, beginning with a miniature that was lost in the mails fifty years ago.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Living Curiosities.

Bearded ladies as a rule are ill-natured and demand the attention of a veritable queen, says a showman. Giants are of an extremely jealous temperament, and if you want to set one of them up in arms mention an opposition giant to him and then his temper is up. This rule, however, applies to dwarfs, except that each particular dwarf or midget imagines, and would have you believe, he is the smallest creature alive. Those who are known as freaks of nature, or that are bereft of some limb, or gifted with more than ordinary mortals, may be set down as exceptionally cranky, and must be handled as tenderly as eggs.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

There are three cents' worth of gold in every ton of sea water.

The weight of the female cranium is about one-seventh less than that of the male.

Mahogany was first brought to England in 1595, but did not come into general use until 1720.

The famous lake dwellers, of Switzerland, were discovered in 1855 by Dr. Keller, who spent ten years in studying them.

The smallest pony in the world is the pet of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett. He is five years of age and stands thirteen inches high.

Scipio Africanus the younger is said to have been the first Roman who shaved daily. Sicilian barbers first appeared in Rome about 300 B. C.

With a stick held in his teeth Manly Shotwell, of Ann Arbor, sends telegraphic messages at the rate of seventeen words a minute. He has lost the use of his arms.

Two of the children of a Swedish couple who live near Sioux Falls, Dakota, are perfect Albinos, while the others are ordinary fair-haired children. One of the Albinos is a boy, the other a girl.

In Normandy, if any one of the family be absent when the cake is cut on Twelfth-night, his share is carefully put by. If he remains well, it is believed that the cake continues fresh; if ill, it begins to be moist; if he dies, the cake spoils.

A tumulus at Taplow, Eng., was recently opened and found to contain a body apparently buried during the Saxon period, a shield, two drinking horns, several articles of jewelry, and a quantity of gold fringe which had apparently served as frilling for the corpse.

When an Egyptian has a "sty" on the eyelid he does not resort to iodine as might a dog of an unbeliever, but he betakes himself to seven different women named Fatima, begs a morsel of bread from each, and is cured. Fortunately ladies named Fatima are common in the land of the Pharaohs.

A Dr. Granville writes to the London Times: "Many persons who are not by habit 'dreamers,' are dreaming a great deal just now and wondering why they do so. The answer is very simple. When cold weather sets in suddenly and is much felt at night, the head, which is uncovered, has the blood supplied to it driven from the surface to the deep parts, notably the brain—the organ of the mind. The results are light sleep and dreams. The obvious remedy is to wear a night-cap or wrap the head warmly, at least while the cold weather lasts. I believe we of this generation suffer more from brain troubles than our predecessors because we leave the head exposed at night and the blood vessels of our cerebral organs are seldom unloaded."

Women as Oyster Shuckers.

The female shuckers who pick out the larger part of oyster meat at the Fair Haven shops have had plenty to do the past season. There has been a good demand for stock, and in some of the shops the people have worked over time. The stock has been in good order, so that the shuckers have not had much trouble in their work. Shuckers make from six to thirteen dollars per week. At the opening of the season some dealers paid three and one-half cents per quart for opening, but the general rate at present is three cents, the same as last year. The shuckers begin work at 7 o'clock in the morning and leave off at noon, excepting on Thursday and Friday, when they work until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the largest shipments of the week being made on those two days. The shuckers furnish knives, hammers, and cracking irons. Most of the women are married, some having worked twenty years for one firm. Some can shuck one hundred quarts in ten hours. The shuckers measure the meats by beer measure, and dealers sell stock by wine measure. The Providence shuckers are all men. Virginia plants and native stock open much easier than Virginia oysters, the latter having very thick shells, which are hard to crack. Providence shuckers open by the stabbing process, driving the knife between the shells upon one side. Women are not strong enough to shuck oysters in this manner. At Fair Haven the thin end of the oyster is placed on a cracking iron attached to a block of wood, and the little iron hammer with two or three blows knocks off the end of the shell, so that the thick, strong oyster knife is easily inserted between the shells, and by a dexterous twist the oyster is opened. —New Haven Palladium.

Millions of Oranges.

In passing along the line of the South Florida railroad one gets but occasional glimpses of the many orange groves to be seen, as the groves are older than the railroad and the views from the train are for the most part very poor. But when you arrive at Maitland, here the whole face of nature has undergone a change. Instead of the succession of pine trees and other varieties of natural growth, you are at once struck with the sudden transformation. What has been in former years a rolling hammock with its varied growth and high pine land, now confronts you with one succession of orange groves. The rusty and dingy look worn by the moss-covered oak has been replaced by the dark green, luxurious growth of the citrus family. I passed through and stopped at Orlando, but I was longing to return to Lake Maitland, the gem of South Florida, and to drink in the beauties of its landscape. We passed through a dozen groves, the largest of which has in it 8,700 orange trees, a large part in full bearing. Here we halted for a few moments, to rest and to take a bird's-eye view of the lake and the orange groves beyond. So far as the eye could see there was a continuous succession of grove after grove, and the fresh, verdant look of the green orange leaf, so grateful to the eye upon a bright day, was illuminated by millions of the golden fruit itself in all its glory. —Florida Times-Union.

"Uncle Remus" tells us in the New York Critic that the banjo is the musical instrument of the stage negro, but not of the Southern negro. He says he has never seen a plantation negro play one, or a pair of bones in the hands of an old-time slave.

Temperance Department.

THE GIANT STRIDES OF THE GREAT CURSE.

It was not many years ago, that lager beer was almost unknown in America. Its manufacture was commenced in Philadelphia, we believe, not more than thirty years ago, and for years it had a very slender hold upon the American people. The enormous influx of Germans into the country, gave the manufacture an impetus, the American and Irish population commenced drinking it, and its use was for a time encouraged, as it was believed that it would be a substitute for the more potent whiskey.

Ten or fifteen years ago the business of brewing got out of the hands of those who introduced it and was taken hold of by the shrewdest business men in the country, who saw the possibilities of a great trade in it. Since that time the trade has changed entirely, both as to the beer itself and the methods of selling it. Then the brewer made as much beer as he could sell in the natural way, and was content. He made, also, a good, sound beer of malt and hops, and gave it sufficient age to make it something near healthful, and it was then probably the least injurious of all malt liquors. It is quite another thing now. Very much of the beer sold to-day contains other material than hops and malt, and it is put upon the market almost universally before it is fit to enter the human stomach. It is not brewed as formerly—in the winter for consumption in the summer—the mill grinds now perpetually, and the beer of Monday morning is on the market just as soon as there is a demand for it, and the brewer works night and day to make that demand as large as possible. It is perfectly safe to say that 90 per cent. of the beer drunk now-a-days is unfit for use because of its newness, to say nothing of the terrible adulterations of materials in its manufacture. Chemical science has made cheap the brewing of beer, and science is cutting off the threads of life of the beer-drinkers with a rapidity that is frightful. There is no regular beer-drinker who does not carry in him the seeds of death.

The profit in beer is so enormous that every brewer has converted himself into an apostle of intemperance. Men are not permitted to choose whether they will drink beer or not. If not compelled to drink it they are enticed into its use. The business has come to be aggressive. The business of drunkard making has come to be one that has its regular methods, the same as dry goods, groceries and hardware. The brewer, to sell his product, makes it the chief business of his life to educate men and boys into its consumption. The brewer first canvasses his city and finds where beer shops are not. He finds a neighborhood which has no beer shop, and whose inhabitants do not want one because they do not drink it. That matters not to him. He finds him a man who is willing to take the position of first lieutenant in this army of the devil, and establishes him in the business. The brewer rents the rooms, furnishes the counters, the chairs, the pool tables and the cards, the whisky, which is a necessary adjunct, and the beer, which is the main point. The man in charge then sets about the education of the people into the use of beer. It is a natural thing for the men of a neighborhood to gather somewhere, and the place is selected with this end in view. They do gather there, they cannot stay without drink, and once a sufficient number in the habit of coming there, the work is done. The brewer has got his customers. He is selling so many kegs a day. Boys and men alike are welcome to the place; private rooms are kindly provided for those who desire privacy, and the hellish game goes on. The character of the neighborhood changes at once, not slowly and imperceptibly, but immediately. Inspired by the coldest-blooded kind of avarice, impelled by the peculiar American fever for getting rich rapidly, this business has changed from a questionable, though comparatively harmless, nuisance into a positive, aggressive evil. The beer-shop has changed from a modest evil to an aggressive terror. It was once the place in which to complete the ruin of men—it is now the author and finisher of men's ruin. It was once the place where men naturally weak and vicious went for solace or forgetfulness, it has become an octopus with its myriad of arms reaching out in all directions for victims, and pulling them in whether or no. Brewers are now equipping saloons and commissioning saloon-keepers, and every saloon must sell so much beer per day to keep its place, and as there are not enough ready-made drinkers, they make them. It is through this infernal agency system, this recruiting service, that the sale of beer has mounted up in the United States from thousands to millions. It is this terrible system of fitting new stomachs for the consumption of beer that has given Toledo, a city of 70,000 population, 800 beer-shops. It is this forcing system in the manufacture and consumption of beer that is compelling the States to double, treble, and quadruple the extent of their jails, penitentiaries, and almshouses. It is this forcing system that gives pawnbrokers their business and keeps the Police Courts busy. It is this infernalism that is slowly but very surely undermining the health of the American people, and lessening their moral and physical strength. It is this system of forcing that is rearing a generation of drunkards, a generation of slaves to the saloons.

The forcing system does not end with

the cities. The agents of the brewer scour the country. If there is a country village happily without beer, he establishes the plague-spot at once. If there is a cross-road with a neighborhood that has for a generation been happily exempt from its curse, one is immediately planted. Along the lines of the new railroads the first thing visible after the establishment of a station is the sign "Lager Beer." It precedes progress.

The beer-power is the enemy of civilization, of good morals and good order. The schools cannot educate as rapidly as it can degrade. It is the fountain-head of vice, the source of poverty, and the beginning of everything that is bad. What good the efforts of good men and women to make mankind better so long as this vast power is permitted to counteract their efforts and to undermine their influence? What good schools and reformatories with this vast power creating crime even faster than it can be restrained and punished? What good to turn boys out of schools with this power with its outstretched arms to receive them?

The worst opponent the reformatories of the day have to contend with is the brewer and his lieutenants. They have a money interest in beer, while men who do good do it at their own expense. Beer has the best of it.

Is this demoralizing process to go on for ever? Is the country to be given over to these tortures of malt and hops? Is this swash of beer to widen and broaden till it overspreads the whole country? It is for the sober people of the country to say.—*Toledo Blade.*

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Eddy, Col. Jonathan, Memoir of. J. W. Porter. 1595
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My Reminiscences, 2 Vols. Lord Ronald Gower. 1596
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Fiction.

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Woman's Reason, A. W. D. Howells. 53197
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History.

American History, Aunt Charlotte's Stories of. C. M. Yonge & H. H. Weld. 81121
Bangor, Centennial Celebration, Sept. 30th, 1869. 84121
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Civil War, Anecdotes of the. Maj. Gen. E. D. Townsend. 82138
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Peabody Education Fund, Proceedings of the Trustees, 2 Vols. 84125
Scandinavian Literature, History of the. F. W. Horn. 85144
Suffolk Deeds, Vol. 2. 8737

Miscellaneous.

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A NEW NOVEL, by GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., entitled "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.

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LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass. at 7.05, 9.30 a.m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 1.50, 3.50, 5.50, 7.55, 9.55, 11.55 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7.05, 9.30, 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 1.50, 3.50, 5.50, 7.55, 9.55, 11.55 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.05, 9.30, 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 1.50, 3.50, 5.50, 7.55, 9.55, 11.55 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30 a.m.; 1.20, 1.35, 2.45, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 1.50, 3.50, 5.50, 7.55, 9.55, 11.55 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30 a.m.; 1.20, 1.35, 2.45, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 1.50, 3.50, 5.50, 7.55, 9.55, 11.55 p.m.

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LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30 a.m.; 1.20, 1.35, 2.45, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 9.15, 11.45, 1.50, 3.50, 5.50, 7.55, 9.55, 11.55 p.m.

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Doctor and Patient—Two for a Quarter—Only a Calf—It Takes a Difference—Not Exactly.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.
In one of our large towns a middle-aged individual, suffering from indigestion and various other ailments, having been advised to consult the leading physician of the locality, was ushered into the latter's private room. When he had detailed the symptoms of his malady, loss of appetite, sleepless nights, and so forth, "Ah," said the doctor, "I see how it is. You require plenty of air and exercise, but we will soon bring you round. Nothing so bad for the digestion as sedentary habits, desk work, and that sort of thing. You must manage to walk as much and as often as your business will allow. By the by, what is your business?" "Traveling peddler for the last five and twenty years," replied the patient.

TWO FOR A QUARTER.

He was smoking a fine, full flavored Havana when he met a friend.
"Have a cigar?" he inquired, politely.
"Thanks," said the other, gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed.
After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, and, looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone:
"What do you pay for these cigars?"
"Two for a quarter," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction.
"This cost me twenty cents and that five."

ONLY A Calf.

Murphy heard cows in his orchard one night, and, slipping out the back way, appeared suddenly near the front steps, and yelled, "He-ah, Tigé! He-ah, Tigé! He-ah, Tigé!"
Just then a figure rushed past, cleared two fences, and vanished in the gloom.
"Take 'im, take 'im!" screamed the old man, but his daughter Miranda, who had unaccountably arrived on the scene, secured the dog by the collar and refused to let go.

"What ye doin'," yelled the old man, "don't ye know them cows have been in here three or four times?"
"Oh, pa," was the answer, "but this was only a calf."

The old man was pacified, but Adolphus, who was standing out in the road waiting for developments, wasn't; and Miranda will never understand the coldness that has sprung up between them.—*Peck's Sun.*

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

"So you have been fighting again on your way home from school?"
"Y-yes, sir."
"Didn't I tell you that this sort of business had got to stop?"
"Yes, pa, but—"
"No excuses, sir! You probably provoked the quarrel!"
"Oh, no! No! He called me names!"
"Names? What of it? When a boy calls you names walk along about your business. Take off that coat."
"But he didn't call me names!"
"Oh, he didn't? Take off that vest!"
"When he called me the names I never looked at him, but when he pitched into you, I—I had to fight."

"What! Did he call me names?"
"Lots of 'em, father! He said you lied to your constituents, and went back on the caucus and had—"
"William, put on your coat and vest, and here's a nickel to buy peanuts! I don't want you to come up a slugger, and I wish you to stand well with your teacher, but if you can lick that boy who says I've bolted a regular nomination or went back on my end of the ward, don't be afraid to sail in!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOT EXACTING.

"One word," she said, "before we part," and her bright eyes glowed in the mellow light of the turned-down lamp.
"Are you sincere?"
"I am sincere," he replied, in tones whose truthfulness could not be doubted by any one, save the most confirmed pessimist.
"Then you cannot give me a palace by Lake Como?" and she looked into his eyes as if she would read his inmost soul.
"I cannot," he answered.

"Not even a brown-stone front?"
"No." There was a wonderful firmness, a don't-you-forget-it-ness in the tone in which this momentous monosyllable was spoken.

"Not even a cottage in the suburbs?"
"Not even that, darling." There was an anguish in his accents that indicated a mind wholly given up to the gnawing inroads of a sharp-toothed despair.

"What can you offer me, then?" she asked; "what can you offer me as an incentive to induce me to become your bride?"

"A share in seven dollars a week, with a prospect of a rise next spring." He said this with all the deep conviction of a man who knows just how he stands.
"It is sufficient," she said, with a radiant smile; "I am yours, Algonquin. A half loaf is better than no bread."—*Somerville Journal.*

SCOTCH HUMOR.

The humor of some stories needs some little knowledge to apprehend the altogether unconscious humor which comes out from the narrator. It has been said that of all the sciences, it is a difficult task to make a Highlander comprehend the value of mineralogy; there is some sense in astronomy, it means the guidance of the stars in aid of navigation; there is sense in chemistry, it is connected with dyeing and other arts; but "chopping off bits of the rocks," that is a mystery.

A shepherd was sitting in a Highland inn, and he communicated to another his experiences with "one of the mad Englishmen."
"There was one," said he, "who gave me his bag to carry, by a short cut across the hills to his inn, while he took the other road. Eh! it was dreadfully heavy,

and when I got out of his sight I determined to see what was in it, for I wondered at the unco' weight of the thing; and man! it's no use for you to guess what was in that bag, for ye'd ne'er find out. It was stanes!"
"Stanes?" said his companion, opening his eyes, "stanes?"
"Ay, just stanes."
"Well, that beats all I ever knew or heard of them. And did you carry it?"
"Carry it! Man, do ye think I was as mad as himself? Na! na! I emptied them all out, but I filled the bag again from the cairn near the house, and I gave him good measure for his money."
And yet Hugh Miller was a Scotchman.

A good deal of the humor is just in the shrewd simplicity of a reply. A London tourist met a young woman going to the kirk, and, as was not unusual, she was carrying her boots in her hand and trudging along barefoot.

"My girl," said he, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?"
"Partly they do," said the girl, "and partly they mind their own business."
The humor of the Scotchman does not always seem to wear the most amiable complexion. Some one remarked to an Aberdonian: "It's a fine day."
"Fa's (who's) finding fault wi' the day?" was the not very civil reply. "Ye wad pick a quarrel wi' a steen (stone) wad!"—*Purton Hood.*

The Rag and Bottle Market.

Peddlers were emptying their carts of rags, old iron, and waste paper upon the floor of a junk shop in Mott street. The dealer, a Hebrew with bushy beard and sharp gray eyes, was raking the heaps over with a long hook.

"What do you get from this stuff?" he asked.
"A comfortable living," he answered.

"Fifteen grades of rags are sold to the paper companies, at prices ranging from half a cent to fourteen cents a pound, the latter price being paid for tailors' clippings from high priced goods. Old soft wools sell for about the same, and all these are worked into shoddy. Satinet and cotton rags are worth from half a cent to one cent a pound; old manilla rope is always in good demand at 14 cents; tarred rope is a good thing, and when untraveled finds ready sale among shipbuilders, by whom it is used in calking seams of vessels. Old newspapers and books are worth one cent, and common wrapping paper a half cent. Pasteboard is of little value, but is sometimes taken at a quarter cent.

Trade in the old rag and paper line is slack at present. The old metal market, however, is always lively. Old copper is the best thing in that line, bringing from ten to twelve cents, and the lowest price is paid for lead foil. Zinc is worth two and one-half cents; iron ranges from one-quarter to one cent, the former for old stove-pipe, burned grates, hoops, and similar articles, which form the poorest grade of iron, and are worked up chiefly into nails. There is no demand for scraps at present, though a few years ago quantities of scrap iron were manufactured into buttons. Old wire is worth nothing. Old boots and shoes used to be gathered, burned and crushed and the powder sold to spice mills to adulterate spices with. Peddlers now seldom take old leather of any description. Bones are taken with a view of disposing of them to dealers in fertilizers. Brass is worth, according to quality, from eight to twelve cents. There is sale for all descriptions of glass; common, such as is used for medicine and beer bottles, is rated at one-quarter cent; fragments of French plate glass are worth the same; flint glass is the most valuable, and brings a half cent; patent medicine bottles with the proprietor's name blown into them can be returned to the manufactory, where they sometimes bring fifty cents a dozen; champagne and claret bottles are bought for a cent apiece, and sold to restaurants to be refilled.—*New York Sun.*

The Vegetarian's Stumbling Block.

There is one inherent weakness in the creed of vegetarians, and that is that they cannot get on without animal food—namely, milk and eggs. But milk cannot be got without cows, and as the consumption of milk may be expected to increase and is said as a matter of fact to increase where little or no other animal food is taken, the number of cows must be expected to increase under a vegetarian regimen. But then there must also be calves, and these calves will grow up and become cows, and even bulls, and cover the whole surface of the globe in time, if they are not killed; but one of the great arguments of the vegetarianism is the cruelty of killing animals. Nobody, of course, desires that any animal shall be killed, but with the minimum of cruelty, but it would seem that if the vegetarian yields on the subject of milk he must also yield on the subject of killing animals; and if animals must be killed it is difficult to see why they should not be eaten, seeing that there is no doubt they make excellent food. Milk, therefore, seems to us to be the vegetarian's stumbling block, and until he throws milk overboard vegetarianism has little in it but a name.—*Saturday Review.*

Where the Sun Jumps a Day.

Chatham island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the habitated points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just in the line of demarcation between dates. The high 12 on Sunday or noon ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side and becomes Monday by the time it passes out the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday before he finishes it.

That Saturday is Sunday and Sunday is Monday, and Monday suddenly becomes transferred into Tuesday. It is a good place for people who have lost much time, for by taking an early start they can always get a day ahead on Chatham island. It took philosophers and geographers a long time to settle the puzzle of where Sunday noon ceased and where Monday began, with a man traveling west fifteen degrees an hour, or with the sun. It is hoped that the next English Arctic expedition will settle the other mooted question: "Where will one stop who travels southwest continually?"

Uncle Sam's Navy.

In a communication published in the *Army and Navy Journal*, Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., states that the consultations of eminent naval and other surgeons, respecting his rheumatic attack, failed to afford him the slightest relief. By advice of Dr. Hoyle he used St. Jacobs Oil, which wrought a complete and, as he says, wonderful cure. John Carr Moody, Esq., lawyer at Vallejo, Cal., was likewise cured of a severe joint trouble.

Typoid fever is cured by from thirty to 200 cold baths.

Young Ladies.
If you want your hair to have that peculiar rich, glossy appearance that always adorns the head of beauty, use Carboline, the natural hair restorer and dressing.

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"Rough on Corns." Corns, warts, bunions. Quick complete cure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite and imparts new life and energy to all the functions of the body. Try a bottle and realize it.

What else say? It's a cough, take Piso's Cure. Sold by druggists. 25 cts.

NOTHING LEFT BUT PRIDE.

THE POOR LITTLE OLD MAN WHO WAS ONCE FAMOUS.

A Washington Character Famous in His Day Now Sleeping in Hallways and Public Parks.

A queer little old man with straggling white locks and a form bent almost double by age, has been a familiar spectacle in the public parks of Washington for several months. He has studiously avoided announcing his proper name on any occasion, and is known only by the slang titles of "nosey" and "old man." The former appellation was given him by the street gamins, among whom he is well known. It was doubtless suggested by his prominent and almost beak-like Roman nose, which is a distinguishing feature of this otherwise human oddity. During the summer months his lodging place was on settees in the city park. The chilly blasts of winter have denied him that privilege now, and now the "old man" is compelled to seek quarters where Jack Frost cannot force the temperature down to a point of absolute frigidity. He was met by a reporter in front of an uptown restaurant. A handful of crackers and cheese, which he munched at rapid intervals, told the story of his raid on some free lunch counter.

"Yes, sir," he said, in answer to the reporter's interrogatory, "you have not been misinformed. My name figures many times in the histories of the United States. Beyond that I will not say. Your looks tell me that you do not understand my motives for thus concealing my identity. The answer is simple. Pride—manhood! Is not that sufficient?"

The last words were uttered in an emotional, almost tragical manner. They revealed, too, that the speaker was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and learning.

"But I am not yet a beggar, sir; not yet," he continued, in a scarcely less emotional manner, "although I am very, very poor. The bootblacks and newsboys are my friends. They have not yet forsaken 'Old Nosey,' as I have been good-naturedly christened by them. The boys bring me customers, people who cannot write. I write letters for them, and sometimes make out bills. I carry my tools with me. (Here he produced a bottle of ink, pen, envelopes, and note-paper from an inside coat pocket.) My charge for writing a letter ranges from ten to twenty-five cents. Business is never very brisk, though, for illiterate people have very little correspondence."

The reporter here hinted a desire to know where he slept at night? Well, I hardly know how to answer that question. My list of lodging places is long. In hallways sometimes, and often in the corridors of second-rate hotels. During the summer time I slept in the parks. The watchmen all knew the old man and never interfered with him. You don't know how pleasant it was. The cool, sighing breezes, glorious sunsets, showering their baths of golden beauty and mellow crimson through the leafy coverlets overhead. Then the pretty little birds, hopping about with merry chirps or singing sweet songs to me from swaying boughs. To awake amidst such a scene was glorious. Why, even my morning wash at the fountain was grand and refreshing. The air laden with perfume from the flowers impregnated the very water, and made it appear as delicate cologne emitted from an enchanted fountain, more mystic and heavenly than any described in the "Arabian Nights."

But the play is over now. Grim winter, with icy locks and freezing blasts, has taken the scene with murky, ashen clouds, and of all the actors in those scenes I alone am left, and probably never to enjoy such beauties of nature again. This old frame cannot stand much more. Cold winter is relentless. Death and winter are conspirators in a common cause. To the poor, winter is an enemy—death, a friend."

"Why do I not seek lodgings at the station house? Because to do that would be to announce myself a vagrant and to mingle with tramps. I am neither, sir, but a gentleman, poor almost to death's door, but proud to the very parlor of the palace."

Here he was considerably agitated, and his long, bony forefinger involuntarily pointed toward the capitol building, as he said in a husky tone:
"Why, sir, I was once a leader in that—but I forget. I must not tell secrets now. My diary will reveal all, both military and civil, and it will request that my body be not interred in the potter's field, for I am proud even unto death."

"Come on, Nosey," interrupted a newsboy, "here's a culled man wot wants you to write a letter for him, an' he's goin' to pay yer in hard cash, too."

The invitation was accepted with a pleasant "Good day, sir," and the old Congressman, statesman and general, perhaps, ambled along behind his little friend, and turned out of sight in a neighboring alley.—*Washington Republican.*

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease by the use of cases of the worst kind and of long standing. I send you a bottle of my medicine. If you use it in the way I will send you a bottle of my medicine with a valuable testimonial on this disease, to the person who cures it. Act at once—the battle is on.

Dr. A. A. MARKS, 601 Broadway, New York.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS WITH RUBBER HANDS & FEET. The most comfortable, durable and useful. Also, Invalid Rolling Chair and Crutches. Illustrated pamphlet of 10 pages sent free.

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Dr. A. A. MARKS, 601 Broadway, New York.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "Pellets." By druggists.

CANADA HAS TWENTY-ONE COTTON FACTORIES.

A Fortune.
may be made by hard work, but can neither be made nor enjoyed without health. To those leading sedentary lives Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a real friend. It stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is a scrofulous disease of the lungs. By all druggists.

Indolence is only the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" always becomes the favorite remedy of those who try it. It is a specific for all female "weaknesses" and derangements, bringing strength to the limbs and back, and color to the face. Of all druggists.

It is said that England has 1,000 female medical practitioners.

"I have taken one bottle of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for heart disease, and find it all I could desire."—A. A. Holbrook, Worcester, Mass.

At the Crystal Palace exhibition in London are two \$50,000 cats.

Years added to the faith of those cured of heart disease by use of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. For thirty years it has proved itself a specific.

He who cultivates a taste for reading in his youth plants good seed.

A Remedy for Lung Diseases.

Dr. Robert Newton, late president of the Eclectic college, of the city of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used Dr. Wm. Hall's Balm very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients, now dying, and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy for all cases of lung disease. It cures consumption and has no equal for all pectoral complaints.

Widely Adopted by Dairymen.

The adoption by most of the prominent dairymen and farmers of the United States of the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is a proof of their wisdom in a business point of view. Nearly all winter butter is colored in order to make it marketable, and this color is the best, in regard to purity, strength, permanence and perfection of tint.

A cure at last for Catarrh. The evidence is overwhelming that Ely's Cream Balm goes more directly than any other to the seat of the disease, and has resulted in more cures than all other remedies.—Wells-Richardson (Pa.) Union Leader. (Not a liquid or snuff, see advt.)

I have been a sufferer for years with Catarrh, and under a physician's treatment for over a year, Ely's Cream Balm gave me relief. I believe I am entirely cured.—G. S. DAVIS, First Nat. Bank, Elizabeth, N.J.

Time is Money.

Time and money will be saved by keeping Kidney-Wort in the house. It is an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the Kidney, Liver and Bowels and for all diseases arising from obstructions of these organs. It has cured many obstinate cases after hundreds of dollars have been paid to physicians without obtaining relief. It cures Constipation, Biliousness and all kindred disorders. Keep it by you.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer. It is equally different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which is a great recommendation. It cures itching scalp, dandruff, and all kindred disorders. Keep it by you.

PURST AND BEST OIL-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N.Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

All pain in the nervous system, wind colic, cramps, &c., cured by Samaritan Nerve. "Samaritan Nerve" cured my son's fits," writes Mrs. S. M. Parkhurst, of Girard, Mich.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.—No Family Dyes were ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fail. The Black is far superior to logwood. The other colors are brilliant.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Mr. J. Eager, importer, 34 Cliff St., N. Y., tells all his sick friends if they take three bottles of Dr. Elmore's R. G., and it fails to cure them, he will pay for it, because three bottles cured his wife and other friends.

"Rough on Coughs." Knocks a Cough or Cold in five. For children or adults. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 50c.

Prevent crooked boots and blistered heels by wearing Lyle's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

Occasional doses Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator will keep the liver in good order. Sure.

Rheumatism Cured

Our best physicians agree this outward application never cures Rheumatism. The best oils and liniments only alleviate the pain.

Rheumatism is a constitutional affliction, originating in impure and disordered blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the proper remedy, because it purifies the blood, corrects the acidity in which Rheumatism begins to act

Remarkable Case of a Sea Captain

Capt. Mitchell, of the barque "Antelope," New York Harbor, came down in May, 1890, in nearly helpless with Rheumatism.

He went to the mountains with his wife, at whose request Capt. Mitchell made use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. He commenced to improve right away under the influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was able to return to Brooklyn. In two months from a first trying Hood's Sarsaparilla, his Rheumatism was gone and he was completely cured. He writes: "My husband is 62 years of age and his health is now better than it has been for some time. He has gained several pounds in weight. If any wish to inquire more particularly, they can address Mrs. M. I. Mitchell, 101 Monroe street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50c; six for \$2.50. Prepared only by O. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS WITH RUBBER HANDS & FEET. The most comfortable, durable and useful. Also, Invalid Rolling Chair and Crutches. Illustrated pamphlet of 10 pages sent free.

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"Speak Well of the Bridge that Carries Us Safely Over."

Is an old adage, and as these words seem to apply to my case I use them. For several years I have been terribly troubled with my kidneys and liver. I had intense pains in my loins, back and hips. I could not lie down, or sit down at times as the pains were more than I could bear. I was treated by physicians here in Syracuse that did me no good, and I also tried several medicines that gave me no relief. I finally went to one of our druggists here in Syracuse, and was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy. I purchased a bottle, as I found it had been used with wonderful success here by others, and I had not used one bottle before I began to improve, could rest, which before I had been unable to obtain. The pains in my loins and back were all gone, and it certainly has done all that was claimed for it in my case. In fact, Hunt's Remedy has made a complete cure, and I most heartily recommend it to the public for kidney troubles in general. You are at liberty to use my name for the benefit of others that may be in doubt as to the great merit of Hunt's Remedy. Gratefully yours, A. WOODBURY. With the Dry Goods house of D. McCarthy & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., June 11, 1883.

SALMON CAN SWIM TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.

STAMBOULI
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM.
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINCY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 12 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Incorporated in Germany), Baltimore, Md., U. S. & A.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS
As an invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has received the most positive endorsement from eminent physicians, and has long occupied a foremost place among standard proprietary remedies. Its properties as an alterative of disordered conditions of the stomach, liver and bowels, and a general tonic for all ailments of the digestive system, are well known. It is sold by all Druggists and Dealers to whom application should be made for the full particulars. Sold by the Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md., U. S. & A.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM
When applied by the finger to the seat of the ailment, the balm will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Inter the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation,

